THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. • "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumb'ring at His Back," • $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY MAY 7, 1896. NUMBER 6.

Nerves

Are the Messengers of Sense,—the Telegraph System of the human body.

Nerves extend from the brain to every part of the body and reach every organ.

Nerves are like fire—good servants but hard masters.

Nerves are fed by the blood and are therefore like it in character.

Nerves will be weak and exhausted if the blood is thin, pale and impure.

Nerves will surely be strong and steady if the blood is rich, red and vigorous.

Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it makes rich, red blood.

Nerves do their work naturally and well,—the brain is unclouded, there are no neuralgic pains, appetite and digestion are good, when you take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

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This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

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CAPITAL, $200,000. | SURPLUS, $30,000

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We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.
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COMBS HOUSE,

CAMPTON, KY.

J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

Cor. Short and Limestone Streets, LEXINGTON, KY.

JOS. M. SKAIN, Proprietor.

This house is only two squres from Lexington and Eastern (K. U.) depot, is first-class, and rates reasonable. The patronage of the mountain people is solicited, and the best treatment assured.

C. D. MOORE WITH BEN WILLIAMSON & CO., Hardware, Cutlery, &c.

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Sole agency for South Bend Plows.

A. FLOYD BYRD,

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

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CAMPTON, KY.,

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

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Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

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JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

IRONTON, O.

Written for THE HERALD.]

A RINGLET OF DARK HAIR.

I've a treasure that I love,
'Tis one I prize most dear,
Although 'tis but a simple thing—
A ringlet of dark hair.
'Twas, O, a parting gift from one
Whom God has called away,
To live with him above the skies
In one eternal day.

Whene'er I turn the sacred page
Where this dark curl lies pressed,
Methinks I see her robed in white
Among the heavenly blest.
A harp of gold within her hands,
And on her brow so fair
A jewelled crown, where once she wore
This ringlet of dark hair.

She faded as the flowers do,
While yet so young in years,
And O, I'm thankful that she left
This cruel vale of tears
Before she knew life's troubled cares
And sorrows here to meet,
Before she knew its tempting snares,
And, O, the world's deceit.

I'll keep it sacred until death
Shall call me from this world,
In fond remembrance of the one
Who wore the treasured curl.

Hazel Green, Ky. S. J. WILSON.

SCHOOL DAYS.

The happiest time in all my life
Was when I toddled off to schaol,
Then all my joys were ripe,
Though bound by ardent rule.

The bell would call ere I was there,
There was hurry to be on time,
The folks would say to give a scare,
Hurrah! 'tis now quarter past nine!

Now in musing I feel a child once more,
Mem'ry now brings the days of youth,
I seem entering the old school door,
With childlike simplicity and truth.

I can see the home of long ago,
My soul seems moved to bitter tears,
As I pass the scenes I used to know,
Through the mystic current of past years.

It seems but yesterday, but still
I know that twenty years have passed,
Since with book and basket filled,
I toddled off with all my class.

How swiftly glide our youthful days,
Our school days quickly o'er,
And life in many earnest ways,
Strange fields will soon explore.

I seem again with playmates running,
Or at the brooklet where long ago,
With its light waves softly murmuring,
Our childish feet played to and fro.

Nor can the memory of school days,
With its tender recollections and pain,
Ever leave me for a moment's delay,
But rushes o'er me again and again.

Many whom I loved then,
Have gone so far away,
But still I can remember them,
When our hearts were young and gay.

Oh! I wish I could only say
Where my teachers all were now,
But they, too, have passed away,
But when, or where, or how?

Our schooldays soon shall all be o'er,
Our hopes all will they be fulfilled,
And shall they cheer us any more,
Or bright-hued castles build?

Oh, schooldays! sweet, innocent schooldays!
The flowing fountain of love and truth,
Thy remembrance shall to me always
Be mementoes of a happy youth.

From schooldays to trials and woes,
Glides our life o'er its narrow span,
Yet in quietude and sweet repose,
I wander back and live them o'er again.

MAGGIE M. KASH.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Wanted

A good, respectable girl to do the housework for a small family. Good wages to the right party. For further information apply at this office.

Written for THE HERALD.]

JOHN'S COURTSHIP AND HOW IT ENDED.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY SLOCUM.

"Hello, John! where are you going?" queried I as John came along one evening just as twilight was giving way to the deeper shades of night.

"Going to see my gal," answered John, stopping and leaning against the fence.

"Ah! You surprise me, friend John. I did not know that you had launched yourself upon the turbulent sea of courtship. How far does she live from here?"

"Oh, just a short distance over the way," said John; "only a mile or so."

Knowing that John was a raw recruit, having just made his debut in society, I determined to go with him, and set to casting about for some excuse to accompany him. This was soon fixed, and together we set forth, accompanied also by John's faithful mastiff, Tige, bent upon a mission of love and amusement, John's big, honest heart beating with sledge hammer force against his vest pocket and great lumps of devotion rising in his throat, as ever and anon thoughts of Sal floated before his infatuated vision.

Crossing some wide-spreading meadow fields, we plunged into a dense forest, through which our path lay, ere we reached the dwelling of the "beloved one." We had not proceeded far when several quick, sharp barks and growls assailed our ears. Hurrying forward we soon came upon Tige engaged in a combat with a dweller of the forest. Rushing up to see what species the assailed "varmint" represented, friend John was greeted with a discharge of red-hot matter which, striking the broad brim of his hat and diverging in all directions, filled the forest far and wide with that stately odor peculiar to the disturbed dignity of the "Mephitis Americana," or skunk. John and I immediately retired to a safe distance and held a council of war in which it was agreed to suspend aggressive operations until the moon rose.

Tige and the skunk must have agreed on a truce, for Tige precipitately retired from the field and emptied his stomach of its contents, presumably to enable him to better withstand the force of the next charge.

As it would be some time before Luna unveiled her face, I proposed that in the interim we proceed and give Sal a call.

"Agreed," said John, and away we went, leaving the triumphant skunk in full possession of the field surrounded by the far reaching glory of its own sweet self.

Arriving at the loved one's mansion friend John's hat, which was smelling too tall to be admitted to the drawing-room, was left on the gate post to stand sentinel, while its owner was basking in the sunshine of Sal's sweet condescending countenance. Tige, also a welcome visitor, was admitted, and taking his station under the bed, imparted a rich fragrance to the balmy air of the parlor.

By and by the conversation, which, by the way, was not very brisk, turned upon dogs and hunting in which John took a leading part and which ended by Tige's being forcibly brought out from under the bed and publicly complimented for his valor in the late skunk contest.

Turning my chair toward the blazing fireplace, I contented myself with a book in order to give John an opportunity to whisper some words of endearment to his dearest dear. Seizing the opportunity, John hitched his chair up until it came within touching proximity with the one occupied by Sal, and, in a voice scarcely audible, asked of her that greatest boon a lass can bestow on her laddie—a kiss, wherewith lovely Sal

Behind her hands her face withdrew in woe,
And in a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No!"

Not to be bluffed or baffled, and remembering the poet's injunction, friend John bided his time and when a favorable opportunity offered "popped her on the 'busser' once or twice," whereupon Sal with her left landed squarely on his inferior maxillary causing him to reel in his seat and visions of matrimonial red-haired cussedness to float through his mind. Regaining his equilibrium, friend John sat for several moments vainly trying to recall the name of the poet who wrote, "Stolen kisses are the sweetest," and murmuring to himself that that poor fellow must have been used to hard knocks.

Sal blushed until her face resembled her scarlet hair, and so numerous were her apologies for the hasty flight of her temper, and so profuse with assurance that such would never happen again, that I began to think all would yet end well. But, "what is to be, will be," and after lingering a while longer John arose and with a stately bow withdrew, closely followed by Tige.

As we walked down the road I said: "Friend John, the rules of etiquette require when terminating a call upon your sweetheart that you inform her when you will call again."

"By Gum! I clean forgot that," said John, "and I'd better go back."

So back he went, I following to see the last act of the drama. Approaching the door, John unceremoniously gave it a vigorous shove, which sent it flying back on its hinges and also sent Sal, who was in the act of fastening the latch, sprawling upon the floor. In the dim light emitted by the smouldering embers in the fireplace, the candle having been extinguished, Sal must have mistaken her "own true love," John, for a burglar, for verily a veritable pandemonium set up in that house. The shrill voice of Sal floated out on the night air crying: "Murder!" "Thieves!" "Robbers!" "Fire!" "Help!" and various other expressions of emotion, which soon brought her father upon the scene. John paused upon the threshhold and just as the old gentleman rushed into the room bawled out to Sal that he would "try to make it appear to come back next Saturday night," then wavered, broke and fled, closely pursued by the bootjack, a pitcher of water, a chair, and a couple of pistol shots, the latter fortunately missing their mark and burying themselves in the gatepost near where I was standing. Then emerged the wrathful form of Sal's father with a double barreled gun in his hand and a blood thirsty look on his face, and had not Sal, who had recognized the voice of her lover, intervened, probably neither of us would have lived to tell the story.

Sal called her father down and we retired in good order. But friend John never fully recovered from the shock of that night on his affections. Although he said he still dearly loved Sal, he never called on her again. Another won his place in her heart, and John consoles himself, sitting in his bachelor apartments, by singing in a voice, soft but sad, "After the Ball."

Times in Texas.

PEARL, TEXAS, April 27, 1896.

SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.

EDITOR HERALD—As I am a reader of your newsy little paper, I thought I would write a few lines to it. I love to read the dear old HERALD for several reasons, and some of them are that it is advocating the pure Democracy of old; that it comes from the banner town of the mountains where I passed some of my school days, and that it tells about people who I am acquainted with.

People are all very busy planting cotton and plowing corn in this part of the country (Central Texas).

At present the prospects are good for crops this year.

If you will come down in July we will try our barlows on some Texas peaches, and our shotguns on some deer and turkeys, which can be easily found on the Colorado river, a distance of forty miles from our town.

Give my best wishes to the H. G. A. and its faculty.

May your town live and prosper in the future as in the past.

I am delighted with the west, but can never forget "Old Kentucky," that place we used to call our home, so I will close.

If I see this in print I may write another letter, so good-bye, with best wishes to all. Yours respectfully,

D. MATT KERTON.

WANTED.—A reliable lady or gentleman to distribute samples and make a house to house canvass for our Vegetable Toilet Soaps and Pure Flavoring Extracts. $40 to $75 a month easily made. Address Crofts & Reed, Chicago, Ill. 6-9.

Facts From Florida.

UMATILLA, FLA., April 29, 1896.

EDITOR HERALD—The farmers of this place are busy gathering and shipping their vegetables, and they keep all of the small boys busy helping to gather the beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, and cabbage.

The days are quite pleasant now since the rain we had Sunday, but previous to that we had had no rain for about a month and everything was about to burn up, the vegetables were beginning to die, the strawberries were doing scarcely any good, the rose bushes dying, and all nature seemed languid on account of the heat. Last Thursday, I think, was the hottest day, for we had no breeze which we usually have in April, and are seldom without.

All of the tourists have returned to their homes in the north, the last of whom left this morning.

Dr. Guerrant, with his wife and two children, spent part of the winter in Umatilla. He has a house here which he occupies during the winter.

On April 10 the people of Lake county celebrated the one hundredth birthday of Mr. Murphy, an old man who lives at Bay View, about six miles from this place, by giving him a picnic. They also presented him with a suit of clothes. Mr. Murphy is probably the oldest man in the state. He can walk around and is in very good health for a man of his age.

We are expecting to have plenty of watermelons for you northern people to eat. I hope the melons will do as well as last year. We had some last year which were so large that I could scarcely move them.

Blackberries are beginning to get ripe. We had about a quart today, and had blackberry pie for dinner.

Mr. Hickman, of Kentucky, organized a temperance society in Umatilla. Almost everybody signed the temperance pledge.

With best wishes for THE HERALD, I am, very respectfully,

ELIZABETH HANEY.

The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them. All druggists. 25 cents.

Next to Natural Bridge, one of the greatest natural wonders in this vicinity is what is known as Torrent, situated within a few hundred feet of the station of that name, just over the Powell line, in Wolfe county, says the Clay City Chronicle. The real torrent exists only in the wet season, or immediately following a heavy fall of rain. Under ordinary circumstances a small stream of water is of no especial consequence, but when it takes a sheer fall of 200 feet, and is dashed into spray by rocks and winds, it becomes an object of interest to all lovers of the beautiful in nature. But far more wonderful and sublime than the fall itself is the circular rock over which it plunges. The cliff or rock at this point is in the form of a semi-circle, and overhanging forms a shelter under which a thousand people could sit comfortbly beneath a stone ceiling more than one hundred feet in height.

B. F. McCormick, of Lexington, has acquired control of the above property and now has a force of men at work building a large platform, swing, a number of cottages, and otherwise making it a resort for picnickers and other pleasure seekers.

James Alcorn and his boys caught 508 saw logs above the month of Jessamine creek in the Kentucky river, March 18, says the Nicholasville Democrat. The logs belonged to the Valley View, Ford and other lumber companies. They received 25 cents each for the logs, making for their day's labor $127.

The trial of Lee Boyle, charged with the noted Devers-West murder and burning, in Marion county, is set for May 11.

JOAN.

Bright and bonny is my Joan,
Sweeter than all maids that be;
She's my darling, she's my own,
And she's all the world to me.
Oh, she is so dainty fair!
Fairer maid was never seen;
None can with my Joan compare,
Love's delight and beauty's queen.

But my Joan is very poor,
Poor am I who love her so;
But for that, you may be sure,
We had married long ago.
So the wise folk tell us both.
"Each must tread life's path alone;
You must break your plighted troth,"
"No," say I, and "No," says Joan.

If against adversity,
Little one alone can do;
Yet, when two are one, you see,
One is just as good as two.
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Love will for all ills atone;
Better then to pair than part—
So say I, and so says Joan.
—Marshall Steele, in Black and White.

CLAUDIUS SMITH'S BOOTS.

Haunted, Folks Said, After Their Owner Was Hanged.

Three Men Who Wore Them Killed by Rattlesnakes—A Doctor's Explanation of a Story Told Up in the Schunnemunk Mountains.

"No one in the Schunnemunk mountains will ever forget the story of Brainard Pierson's haunted boots," said Christy Lord of that historic part of Orange county. "The story dates back a good ways, but it's always new and fresh along the old Schunnemunk.

"Brainard Pierson's boots, so the story goes, were the very boots that Claudius Smith kicked off his feet just before he was hanged at Goshen in the revolutionary times. Claudius Smith was the bloody Tory cowboy who, with his following of cutthroats and robbers, terrorized the Schunnemunk and surrounding country for years. His mother was a pious woman, who lived near the Ramapo Pass, and when she found she couldn't turn Claudius from his evil ways, she exclaimed one day:

"'Oh, my poor son! You will die with your shoes on, like a trooper's horse.'

"After the patriots had at last captured the desperado, and he was taken to the gallows at Goshen, he kicked his boots off as the rope was placed about his neck, and exclaimed:

"'My mother said I would die like a trooper's horse, with my shoes on. I will make her out a liar.'

"Those were Claudius Smith's last words. His boots, through some manner of succession, at last fell into the possession of Brainard Pierson years after the cowboy was hanged. I've often heard my father say that when folks heard that Brainard had got Claudius Smith's boots they went to him and said:

"'But of course you ain't going to wear 'em, Brainard?'

"To which Brainard replied:

"'Ain't I? Well, but I am, though, most surely!'

"Then, as my father used to tell, folks said to Brainard:

"'Woe to you, Brainard Pierson, if you wear those boots! Not for all the treasure Claudius Smith buried in old Schunnemunk would we wear those boots! There's blood on 'em!'

"And you must know that was saying a good deal, for Claudius Smith hid in the Schunnemunk mountains thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of treasure which he and his gang stole from the patriots, and it's there yet. It was put away so snug that although the mountains have been dug over from top to bottom and end to end, no one has ever been able to find that treasure. So, of course, it must be there yet. Well, when folks warned Brainard against wearing the Tory cutthroat's boots, and told him there was blood on 'em, he answered back, so my father said, that he hadn't noticed any blood on 'em.

"'And even if there is,' Brainard said, 'I'll walk it off to-morrow, for I'm going to drive some cattle down Jersey way. I couldn't get a pair o' boots like these for the price o' the best critter I've got.'

"So Brainard put on the boots and strutted around in 'em proud as a peacock. But folks shook their heads and said:

"'Not for all that Claudius Smith hid in old Schunnemunk would we wear his boots.'

"Brainard Pierson laughed, and next day started with his cattle down Jersey way, wearing the dead Tory's boots. Somewhere down near the Ramapo Pass a man coming this way met a drove of cattle. They went on by, and the man noticed that no drover was behind them. He went on. He had gone a quarter of a mile or so when he almost stumbled over a man lying in the road. He noticed that the man had on a remarkably fine pair of boots, but he started back in terror as he saw a rattlesnake lying near his feet. Discovering that the serpent was dead, he advanced and was horrified to see that the prostrate man's face was black and swollen, and that he was dead. It was plain that the rattlesnake had bitten the man, who had then killed the snake before he was overcome by its venom.

"The dead man was Brainard Pierson. The discoverer of the tragedy sought the nearest help, and the rattlesnake's victim was brought home to Schunnemunk. The head of the snake had been crushed by a stone, and one of its fangs was gone. The snake had bitten clear through one of the boots Brainard wore, and a tiny puncture on his ankle showed where the deadly venom had entered to do its deadly work.

"'Claudius Smith's boots!' was the first exclamation that folks made when Brainard Pierson was brought home dead from a rattlesnake bite. 'There's blood on 'em, and we told him so!'

"For a long time nothing was talked about all through the Schunnemunk country but Brainard Pierson's haunted boots, and the awful fate that Brainard met with because he flew in the face of warning and wore them. Somehow or other, though, Brainard's folks didn't seem to be able to see just how it was that he wouldn't have been struck by the rattlesnake if he hadn't had Claudius Smith's boots on, and so the boots remained in the family. There was no one big enough yet in the family to wear boots, and so they were put to one side. And there they remained unused for ten years. Then the house was robbed one night. Among the property stolen were the haunted boots. There was a great time among folks when this became known. They declared that they ought to ride in all directions on fleet horses and hunt the robbers down.

"'Not so much because he's a robber,' they said, 'but to keep him from wearing them haunted boots. We can jail him for being a thief. It'll be a capital punishment if we let him wear Claudius Smith's boots.'

"If they did any riding they didn't overtake the robber in time to warn him against the fatal boots. Two days after the robbery young George Pierson, Brainard's son, was hunting on Seven Springs mountain, and, going over to one of the springs to get a drink, he found a dead man lying near it, black in the face and swollen. Near by the body lay a big bundle. The dead man had on the stolen Claudius Smith's boot! Young Pierson pulled off the boots. On the man's right ankle was a little purplish-red puncture.

"'A rattlesnake had struck him as sure as fate!' exclaimed young Pierson.

"The bundle contained the things stolen from the Pierson family. George backed them home, and brought the boots along. Then he spread the news about finding the robber on Seven Springs mountain, dead from a rattlesnake's bite.

"'And the haunted boots?' folks asked.

"'He had 'em on,' said young George.

"'Claudius Smith might just as well be living and prowling and butchering along old Schunnemunk again,' they said, 'if we're going to keep them haunted boots of his working for him!'

"But still the Pierson folks couldn't see what Claudius Smith's boots had to do with rattlesnakes biting people, and they kept the boots. No one ever knew who the dead robber was, and they buried him on the mountain.

"'Seems queer, too,' folks said, 'that if Claudius Smith is haunting the boots he'd turn 'em against a robber.'

"Several years went by again before anyone else wore the haunted boots. Then a relation of the Pierson folks, who lived down in the Ringwood valley, came visiting them. He saw the boots, and took a great fancy to 'em. He wanted to buy 'em, although he knew the fate of the only two persons who had worn 'em in years.

"'There ain't any rattlesnakes in our section,' said he. 'I'll risk the haunt.'

"The Pierson folks wouldn't sell him the boots, but they made him a present of 'em. He took 'em home with 'em. Some folks say that he didn't tell his father-in-law the story of the boots when he made him a present of 'em after he got home, and some say he did. At any rate, the father-in-law had a good deal of property which would go to this Pierson relation's wife when her father died, and her father was in the best of health. The son-in-law made him a present of Brainard Pierson's haunted boots. The father-in-law put 'em on one day and went for a walk. Not long afterward he came staggering back home.

"He was a dead man an hour later, with a black swollen face and body. On his right ankle was the mark of a rattlesnake bite, as there had been on Brainard Pierson's and on the dead robbers. And there was not a rattlesnake in all that country! The father-in-law of the Pierson relation was dead before the doctor could get there. The doctor was told the story of the haunted boots. Seizing the right boot, he slashed it down to the ankle with his knife. Something white fell from it to the floor. The doctor picked it up. He examined it for a moment.

"'A rattlesnake's fang,' said he. 'And there's poison enough yet in its channel to kill another man!'

"It was the missing fang of the snake that had bitten Brainard Pierson. It had been pulled from its socket by the firm hold the leather of the boot had taken of it. Held fast thus, with its point on the inside, contact with it had been of sufficient force to puncture the ankles of the persons who had since worn the boot. The venom, though dry, was still potent, and its work as deadly as when it lay in its sack in the rattlesnake's jaw. That was what the doctor said.

"'S'posin' he does say so?' Schunnemunk folks said. 'If Brainard Pierson hadn't worn Claudius Smith's boots the rattlesnake wouldn't left his fang in 'em, would it? So it was Brainard Pierson's haunted boots that done it, and that's all there is to it!'

"And a good many Schunnemunk folks think so to this day."—N. Y. Sun.

SEA LIFE OF THE SHAD.

An Old Fisherman's Fanciful Picture of the Shad Coming Up the Coast.

"I read in the Sun the other day," said an old fisherman, "that nobody really knows anything about the sea life of the shad, and I suppose that's so; nobody knows for sure whether it hangs around in deep water in the ocean within 100 miles of the coast, outside of the river where it came from, or whether the schools from the various rivers all join together in one great school and move south into warmer waters. They say it isn't likely that the fish get together in this way, because, if they did, they'd be pretty sure to come up near the surface to feed in the warmer waters, and they'd be almost certain to be seen there, which they never have been; still I suppose it is possible that they do go south in this way; and if they do, what would happen when the spawning season approached and they started north again to seek the fresh waters would be something like this:

"When the great school got off the mouth of the St. John's river in Florida, the fish that had come from there would say in the shad language:

"'Well, shaddies, we're off!' and turn away and start for the St. John's.

"Abreast of Tybee Light the Savannah river shad would say:

"'Well, so long!' and sheer off and make for the Savannah.

"And so they'd go, the great school holding its northerly course with the advancing season and the rising temperature of the water, but growing smaller all the time as the different schools left it and made for the rivers where they belonged.

"They might not always get there. A storm might come along and divert some school or the greater part of it from its own to another river, where they'd be added to the fish that did belong there. This might account for the remarkably good catch in one river that season, and for the partial failure in the other."—N. Y. Sun.

WIRING THE DESERT.

Telephone Lines Going Up Across the Great Sahara.

The telephone and the telegraph are rapidly making inroads into the arid portion of the desert of Sahara. Engineer Bayolle is now on the way from Biskra to Tuggurth with a working force of 100 men for the purpose of laying telegraph wires between the two places. The line is erected as the party proceeds, and the first news from Bayolle was received at Biskra when he telephoned from a point some 20 miles south of Biskra. He advanced at the rate of from three to five miles a day, and will probably reach Tuggurth about the first of the year.

He reports over the 'phone that he has met with a peculiar difficulty; the camels which he has taken along are not used to carrying burdens of a long shape like telegraph poles, and in many cases they refuse to go on with their loads. Each camel was loaded with four poles, two being strapped to each side, the smaller ends dragging on the ground.

Bayolle found it necessary to leave behind half of his poles at stated points, and continue on the trip with the lightened burden; since only short distances are covered at a time, he then sends the camel drivers back for the rest of the load, and in this way the poles are transported without being dragged on the ground.

Since the camels will not carry the poles strapped alongside of them he had to resort to the peculiar mode of balancing the telegraph poles across the pack saddles and fastening them in this position by means of straps and ropes. From a little distance it is quite a curious sight to behold the file of camels with their swinging gait, and a lead extending many feet to each side. One would think that a drove of gigantic birds with spread wings was sailing over the desert.—Chicago Tribune.

Wages in Mexico.

There are really no wages in Mexico. All working people take what they can get, that is, what the employer chooses to pay. Wage-workers make so little that there is no incentive to thrift, no stimulation of energy. The classes are the rich and the poor; there is no middle class. More hopefully, perhaps, it might be said that a middle class is just beginning to form. They who see no hope of independence, or even of small homes, naturally have no ambition. As soon as they get a very little money they quit their employment and squander it. Many employers make money, but their prosperity is based on the degradation of labor. The men who do the heavy work in the mines of Mexico receive not more than 75 cents to $1 a day in Mexican money, or 40 or 50 cents in actual money; for agricultural labor there never is a quotable rate; hackmen and waiters at restaurants depend almost wholly on "tips," which custom makes small, and the half money of the country smaller; house servants get from $2 to $5 a month—rarely the higher price.—Portland Oregonian.

—To dream that you have put on clean linen means you will shortly receive some good news.

M'KINLEY AS CANDIDATE.

Corrupt Methods Employed to Put Him Forward.

It is not to be wondered at that the republican opponents of Mr. McKinley are making charges touching the virtue of the men who are conducting this campaign. They are saying that rich manufacturers have been corrupting the primaries throughout the country, and that the delegates have been purchased. However that may be, it is clear that a public man must gain a reputation that unfits him for the presidency if he is the servant of those who are interested in government only as it enures to their pecuniary profit. Whether Mr. McKinley's strength in the convention has or has not been procured by the corrupt use of money, whether, if it has been, he is or is not a party to the corruption, he is the candidate of those who want to divert the government from its constitutional function of promoting the general welfare that its chief power may be used for their own selfish purposes. And it is because Mr. McKinley has already permitted himself to be employed as the agent of such men, and is presumably willing to be so employed again, that the extreme protectionists show such anxiety to bring about his nomination that prominent men of their own party are led to accuse them of employing corrupt means to accomplish their end.

Another aspect of this candidacy is that McKinley is not only the chief of the extreme protectionists, but he has heretofore been for unsound money and is now, if we are to believe the platform of the Ohio state convention which nominated him, in favor of bimetallism, either through international arrangement or, if that cannot be had, through congressional legislation. In other words, the protected manufacturers, in order to capture the silver vote for the restoration of the tariff law of 1890, are willing to elect as president a man whose views on the currency are unsound.

It will be difficult—we trust, impossible—to elect Mr. McKinley president on the theory that has dominated his canvass for the nomination. The tariff is not to be the issue at the coming election, nor, if it were, do we believe that the country would agree to make another trial of McKinleyism. The issue is to be the currency question. Neither the silver men nor the gold-standard advocates are likely to support a double-dealer merely because he is ready to do the bidding of the men who are now working for his nomination. If the republican party has really come under the control of the beneficiaries of the tariff of 1890, and if therefore its convention nominate McKinley in grateful recognition of past tariff favors, and in hope of like favors to come, if in order to make the tariff issue prominent the party is to face both ways on the currency issue, the leaders who are anticipating a triumph at the coming election are likely to be grievously disappointed; for, no matter what the politicians may think, the country wants the money issue settled, and the question that will be put to candidates in the approaching campaign is: "Where do you stand on the money question?" To this question Mr. McKinley has not yet made a reply that is satisfactory to the advocates of sound money; nay, he has more than once ranged himself on the side of those who could debase the currency in order that 50 cents might be made to pay a dollar of indebtedness. Although he would not probably dare renew his advocacy of such a silver bill as the Sherman law, and although he might fear to stand squarely with Teller, Dubois, Stewart, and his other silver friends, Mr. McKinley does not favor the single gold standard, and therefore his election to the presidency would be fraught with danger to the best interests of the country.—Harper's Weekly.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——Some of the McKinley delegates are reported already to have eaten their tags.—Chicago Tribune (rep.).

——Who says Tom Reed is weakening? He is "firing" democrats out of the house though the republican majority is too large to be manageable already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

——If Easy Boss Platt discovers that he is Gov. Morton's Jonah it may sadden him. But he is likely to be still sadder after he has turned the stomach of the McKinley whale.—N. Y. World.

——Republican papers in New York are solemnly proclaiming that there is absolute harmony in the ranks of the party in that state. The ostrich evidently has his head in the sand.—Detroit Free Press.

——McKinley's platform, a republican paper says, is far-reaching enough to satisfy all loyal republicans. It is not nearly so far-reaching, however, as are the plans to capture the various states in his behalf.—St. Louis Republic.

——All this talk in Indiana about McKinley is humbug. The republican bosses in that state are knifing him. They are pipe-laying for Harrison. The impression is being made that McKinley is radical and Harrison conservative upon the tariff question. The latter is as radical as the former, and perhaps more so. Harrison signed the McKinley bill willingly. If he ever suggested any modification it is not recorded.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

ARCHITECTS OF THE PLATFORM.

Each One Working on His Own Plans and Specifications.

In view of the stubborn claim made by the republican party that it is the party of sound money and sound financial principles, the platforms presented by it in different states afford the evidence on which the people will base a popular verdict. The stupidity of the claim had already been established by the course of certain United States senators, and among them the chairman of the republican national committee, but it is emphasized by the comparison of platforms. It is plain that the builders have been governed by politic considerations and are deliberately aiming to hoodwink the voters in every section, or that there is a division of sentiment that cannot be healed by any false pretense of unanimity. Indeed, there are strong reasons for believing that both of these potential influences inspired the architects.

The ambiguous expressions of Ohio republicans on the subject of silver were unquestionably designed to attract western, northwestern and southern delegates to the support of McKinley. It has been noted that since the promulgation of that financial double-header the same confusion of ideas has been embodied in the "declaration of principles" given out by other states in the sections named and that they have shown a strong leaning toward the representative of the Ohio idea. On the other hand, the New York platform was constructed with the purpose of unifying the delegates from the middle and eastern states against McKinley and uniting them on Reed or Morton, as the one or the other of these candidates may develop the greater strength in the convention.

It is inevitable that these conflicting sentiments shall assert themselves in the national convention, and the alternative against an open rupture will be an adjustable financial plank so constructed that it will dovetail with the dominant sentiment of any and all communities. It is this horn of the dilemma that will be taken by those in control. Then the thinking delegates with honest convictions will be governed largely by the known character and records of the candidates. The study of these is a matter to which patriotic republicans should address themselves, for to attach importance to platforms diametrically opposed or to act upon the declarations of a convention that will be afraid to do more than to disguise its views would be the error of insincerity and partisan servility. The claim that the republican party is distinctively the champion of sound money is without the slightest foundation in fact.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW IT WILL BE DECIDED.

Contested Delegates Will Make Trouble at St. Louis.

According to present indications the balance of power in the republican national convention at St. Louis will be held by the contested delegations. "Joe" Manley, the secretary of the republican national committee, is reported as saying that 56 contested seats are already reported and that there are likely to be 100 more.

The convention that was held in Texas recently presented a case resembling many others at the south and resembling the condition of affairs likely to exist at St. Louis. A huge colored politician named Cuney is chairman of the Texas republican state committee. He is said to be an Allison man, and a combination has been formed by Reed and Allison to procure southern delegates against McKinley. In the Texas convention of 300 or 400 delegates there were 136 contested seats, and Cuney's committee decided all the cases. The Kinley men were all thrown out and their opponents admitted to seats. This shows the advantage of controlling the committee that decides contested cases.

At St. Louis the delegation from each state will choose one of its number as member of the committee on credentials. Forty-five states, five territories and the District of Columbia will thus have a member of the committee, making 53 in all, of which 27 is a majority. The prospect before McKinley is as plain as his facial resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte.

McKinley must go into the St. Louis convention with a majority of the delegates from 27 states and territories or the committee on credentials will be packed against him. With an adverse committee the claim of 156 McKinley delegates to seats in the contested list will be decided against them and their places will be given to anti-McKinley men.

In short, it appears that in an indirect manner, but effectually, the next republican candidate for president will be nominated by the committee on credentials and not by the delegates as chosen from the people.—Chicago Chronicle.

——A few Pennsylvania manufacturers met with the leading free silver republicans in Washington last week for the purpose of formulating a plan of campaign in favor of free silver and protection. The two causes are closely linked together. Both have for their purpose the alienation of the United States from the rest of the world. They serve the same purpose—to build a wall around this country and place an embargo in the way of international trade. There is at least a shadow of logic in the advocacy of free silver by an advocate of high protection.—Kansas City Times.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CHEAP FOOD MATERIAL.

Economy Is Always In Order on the Average Stock Farm.

Great waste of food is the rule on the average stock farm. This is especially true on the general farm, where but a moderate number of domestic animals is the rule. The waste is not the quantity but in the quality of the food given the live stock. Corn and oats are often fed freely to the brood mares and older horses when not at work, and when they are in high flesh. The same practice is found in feeding dry sows, ewes, sows, etc., when they are loaded with flesh and fat. Discrimination is not made in feeding for growth and for the proper maintenance of good condition. The food of support is too largely augmented in many cases.

It is not safe to overfeed the breeding stock.

There is always danger in the effort to limit food of going to the other extreme. This may be avoided by the substitution of the cheaper grades of food. The ensilage furnishes a cheaper quality but a very satisfactory food for making gain, and also maintaining condition and vigor of digestion. The various roots, vegetables and fruits can be substituted as a part ration for all of the stock not fattening to a finish. The bulky provender, too, should be used freely instead of grain, as the grain can be more easily carried over to next year when it may be much more valuable. A wise use of economy in feeding. Ordinary salt and wood ashes, kept accessible to the stock, do good service in maintaining good heath, as well as in giving full effect to the food given to the animals on the farm.

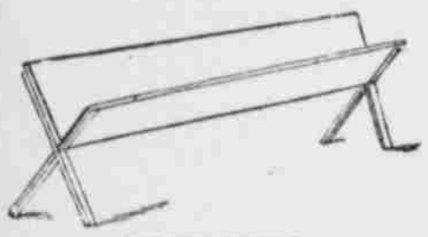
There is, occasionally, a false pride about the condition of one's domestic animals. The horse for work or the young growing animal is better able to maintain vigor or make the best growth, if in good flesh rather than excessively fat.

Grazing can be provided on most farms during nine months of the year. The rye, early oats and winter wheat are all the better when grazed judiciously. This reserves the blue-grass for rainy, windy days in winter, and enables limited acres of regular pasture to do greater service. Oats can be sown in March, and will afford grazing to colts, calves and lambs after May 1, and to hogs after May 20. From March 1 to September 1 is a good time to save the good corn and oats, in view of crop possibilities. Economy is always in order.—Western Rural.

CHEAP FODDER CUTTER.

A Homemade Device Which Will Answer Every Ordinary Purpose.

We farmers must economize. If we can make a device that will answer every purpose, we needn't buy one, and thus save the money to pay $2,000 official salaries and inflation railroad fares. I made a cutting box, to cut cornfodder, etc. It is shown in the cut, which explains itself. Four pieces of scantling 2x2, and 28 inches long, make the x frame or ends. Two boards 14 inches wide and 4 feet long, placed as shown, make the box. This makes a box a little higher than an ordinary man's knee. Place a bundle of fodder in the box, put your knee on it, and with hay knife



FODDER CUTTER.

shear off the ends sticking over the box. Push the bundle along and repeat. Cut up to the band, then turn the bundle around end for end, and go ahead again.

For horses, I cut 3 or 4 inches long, and think it short enough. With a box like this I cut fodder for six horses and three cows last winter, feeding a bushel apiece at a feed. It took me about five minutes to cut enough for one feed.—Ohio Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A lot of old-time sheepraisers who sold out a year or two ago are buying up again.

It is a good plan to get the poorest land on the farm in grass and cultivate the more fertile land.

There is no need of run-down farms where those in charge grow clover liberally and rotate with good judgment.

Experiments with sachaline and the flat pea at the Swiss station for three years resulted in the condemnation of both.

If the oats are covered two or three inches deep the plants will be safer from a hard frost or a dry spell than if too shallow.

The director of the Oklahoma experiment station says: Teosinte, a giant grass, somewhat like corn, makes a large growth.. At the experiment station as much as 25 tons per acre of green fodder was secured from a small plat. This crop is troublesome to handle, and the fact that it does not mature seed in this climate is an objection..—Journal of Agriculture.

HANDY POULTRY COOP.

One That Is Easily Moved from One Part of a Field to Another.

During winter poultry men should find time to repair old chicken coops and make new ones. With ordinary care more vigorous pullets can be raised by scattering them about the fields in small colonies after haying, as insects then form a very cheap and important portion of their diet. When biddy brings forth her brood, place her in one of the coops with the movable run in position. This allows her to get to the ground. After she leaves her chicks the run is removed, the roosts placed in position and the family moved to any convenient spot. Pullets may be sheltered in such a house until cold weather or until they begin to lay. The coops will accommodate 25 chicks or 10 well-grown pullets. It is 4 by 3 feet, and 2½ feet high at the eaves. The run is 4 by 3 feet. The run and roof are built with a pitch of 90 degrees. The

SUMMER POULTRY COOP.

sills are of 2 by 4 material, and extended as shown in the cut to facilitate moving. The plates are of 2 by 2-inch material, and extended each way 1 foot beyond the eaves for handles. The sides, roof and floor are of jointed pine boards. The roof is covered with one thickness of sheathing paper held in place by cleats. If this is jointed it will make a waterproof roof that will last a number of seasons. The first 15 inches below each gable should be of half-inch wire netting for ventilation. Each end is provided with a door 1 foot wide, one hinged, the other arranged to slide. The roof should have a 2-inch projection all around to throw rain. The run is made by nailing laths 2½ inches apart upon a frame made of 2 by 2 scantling. Two men can easily move this coop from one part of field to another, giving the chicks new feeding room.—American Agriculturist.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

It Will Pay Only When Joined to Plain Common Sense.

The following, from a book recently published entitled "999 Queries With Answers," emphasizes our warning frequently given that while cultivating science farmers must use judgment. The intelligent practice of agriculture is now guided by science, and in the future it will be ruled by it. Unfortunately, but a small proportion of agriculturists will possess scientific intelligence, and, consequently, the practices and errors of the past will be continued by the great majority. There will be three classes of agriculturists—the altogether unscientific, the practical cultivator with some scientific attainments and the scientific theorist, without practical experience or capacity for making things pay. The agricultural experimental stations have done more in the last 20 years to disseminate scientific knowledge of the action of fertilizers, plant diseases and cures, injurious insects and methods of destroying them, than any agency which ever existed. Agriculture is becoming scientific, but it can never be entirely so, as no method or system can be depended upon to produce a fixed result, consequent upon the uncertain effect of meteorological happenings. No art will call to its aid to interpret it so many scientific branches as agriculture, but all that will never make it a perfect science on account of the unfixed quantity of heat and cold, rain or drought, the variations of which defeat all calculations.

FATTENING LAMBS.

Prof. Roberts Tells What Experience Has Shown to Be a Good Ration.

For fattening lambs Prof. Roberts gives the following ration in the Rural New Yorker:

Cornmeal should form, in connection with the other foods mentioned, one-third of the grain ration. Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 20 pounds; peas, 30 pounds; oats, 50 pounds. Mix and feed from one-half to one pound per day per lamb. This will do when shredded cornstalks are used, but when clover is fed there should be a greater proportion of corn, and less of oats and peas. If one feed is of shredded corn and one of clover each day, then the corn should not be increased, and the oats and peas diminished as much as when clover is fed exclusively.

Sheep do not relish wheat as well as the other grains, either whole or ground. Better feed the wheat to the chickens. The grain alone would give a nutritive ratio of one to five and five-tenths. The shredded corn fodder would widen it possibly one to six or one to six and five-tenths. It would be still too narrow for fattening lambs in cold quarters; if kept in warm quarters, it would be wide enough. By substituting a little corn for a part of the highly nitrogenous food (peas and oil meal) the ration could be easily widened. A few mangels or some other succulent food would improve the ration.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WERE it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BOB—"Say, ain't you going to stand treat? I thought you had money to burn." Dick—"I should have if you would furnish the draft."—Boston Transcript.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE Bible tells the sluggard to go to the ant, but in these days most of them go to the father-in-law.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Rack, the Thumbscrew and the Boot

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.

LADY CUSTOMER (in china shop)—"Do you break these sets?" Dealer—"No, madam; the purchasers' servants usually attend to that."—Tit-Bits.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., Ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—Colton.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

GLORY is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

OF what use are forms, seeing at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which are at times empty, too.—Hare.

A DOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

GIRD your hearts with silent fortitude, suffering yet hoping all things.—Mrs. Hemans.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

A DEFINITION.—"What is a critic?" "He is a man who rips things to pieces without knowing how to put them together again."—Chicago Record.

A BITTER and perplexed "What shall I do?" is worse to man than worst necessity.—Coleridge.

THOUGH plunged in ills and exercised in care, yet never let the noble mind despair.—Phillips.

IN advertising "continuous" is the word. Plunges are rarely successful.—Brains

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

IN sleep, when fancy is let loose to play, our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.—Claudius.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

IT is easier to find fault than to know what to do for it.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

CATARRH

is a

LOCAL DISEASE

and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

HOG CHOLERA.

We will furnish medicine to treat one herd of Sick Hogs in EACH TOWNSHIP in the United States **FREE**. Give express office and number of hogs. A trial only costs express charges and a report of the results of using the medicine.

WM. HALL MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

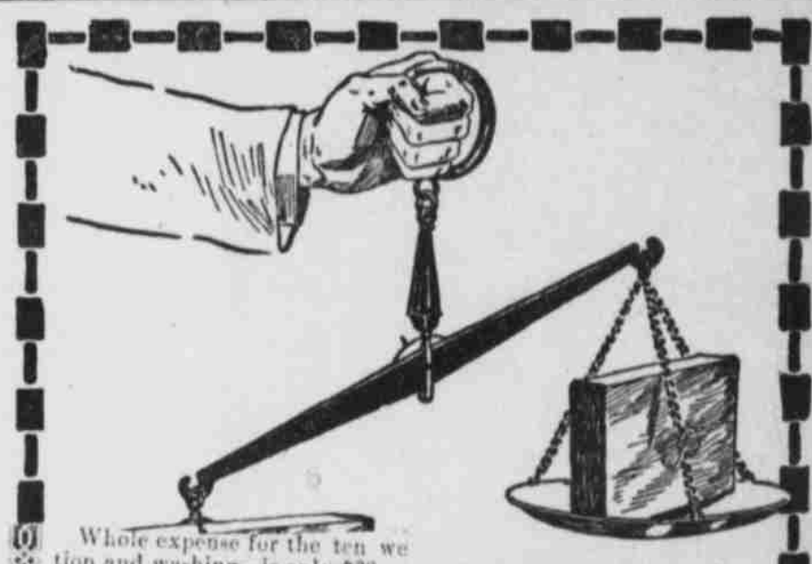
Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

A. D. 1780.

Try Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate and you will understand why their business established in 1780 has flourished ever since. Look out for imitations.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



Whole expense for the ten we tion and washing—is only $28.

It will be a good time for teac for the coming year.

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Hazel Green, Kentucky.

You only get of other good tobaccos 3½ ozs. for 10 cents.

J. TAYL

Dealer in Gene

Battle Ax PLUG

You get over 2 ounces more of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents than any other tobacco of the same grade. These two ounces really cost you nothing, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

"In the springtime of the year I always take your Sarsaparilla as I find the blood requires it, and as a blood purifier it is unequalled. Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with....." *

Poets Break Out

in the springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LIVE STOCK CUTS.

We will furnish duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS or any OTHER CUT shown in any SPECIMEN BOOK, at or below quoted prices for same.

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OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. DR. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

JOAN.

Bright and bonny is my Joan,
Sweeter than all maids that be;
She's my darling, she's my own,
And she's all the world to me.
Oh, she is so dainty fair!
Fairer maid was never seen;
None can with my Joan compare,
Love's delight and beauty's queen.

But my Joan is very poor,
Poor am I who love her so;
But for that, you may be sure,
We had married long ago.
So the wise folk tell us both.
"Each must tread life's path alone;
You must break your plighted troth,"
"No," say I, and "No," says Joan.

If against adversity,
Little one alone can do;
Yet, when two are one, you see,
One is just as good as two.
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Love will for all ills atone:
Better then to pair than part—
So say I, and so says Joan.
—Marshall Steele, in Black and White.

CLAUDIUS SMITH'S BOOTS.

Haunted, Folks Said, After Their Owner Was Hanged.

Three Men Who Wore Them Killed by Rattlesnakes—A Doctor's Explanation of a Story Told Up in the Schunnemunk Mountains.

"No one in the Schunnemunk mountains will ever forget the story of Brainard Pierson's haunted boots," said Christy Lord of that historic part of Orange county. "The story dates back a good ways, but it's always new and fresh along the old Schunnemunk.

"Brainard Pierson's boots, so the story goes, were the very boots that Claudius Smith kicked off his feet just before he was hanged at Goshen in the revolutionary times. Claudius Smith was the bloody Tory cowboy who, with his following of cutthroats and robbers, terrorized the Schunnemunk and surrounding country for years. His mother was a pious woman, who lived near the Ramapo Pass, and when she found she couldn't turn Claudius from his evil ways, she exclaimed one day:

"'Oh, my poor son! You will die with your shoes on, like a trooper's horse.'

"After the patriots had at last captured the desperado, and he was taken to the gallows at Goshen, he kicked his boots off as the rope was placed about his neck, and exclaimed:

"'My mother said I would die like a trooper's horse, with my shoes on. I will make her out a liar.'

"Those were Claudius Smith's last words. His boots, through some manner of succession, at last fell into the possession of Brainard Pierson years after the cowboy was hanged. I've often heard my father say that when folks heard that Brainard had got Claudius Smith's boots they went to him and said:

"'But of course you ain't going to wear 'em, Brainard?'

"To which Brainard replied:

"'Ain't I? Well, but I am, though, most surely!'

"Then, as my father used to tell, folks said to Brainard:

"'Woe to you, Brainard Pierson, if you wear those boots! Not for all the treasure Claudius Smith buried in old Schunnemunk would we wear those boots! There's blood on 'em!'

"And you must know that was saying a good deal, for Claudius Smith hid in the Schunnemunk mountains thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of treasure which he and his gang stole from the patriots, and it's there yet. It was put away so snug that although the mountains have been dug over from top to bottom and end to end, no one has ever been able to find that treasure. So, of course, it must be there yet. Well, when folks warned Brainard against wearing the Tory cutthroat's boots, and told him there was blood on 'em, he answered back, so my father said, that he hadn't noticed any blood on 'em.

"'And even if there is,' Brainard said, 'I'll walk it off to-morrow, for I'm going to drive some cattle down Jersey way. I couldn't get a pair o' boots like these for the price o' the best critter I've got.'

"So Brainard put on the boots and strutted around in 'em proud as a peacock. But folks shook their heads and said:

"'Not for all that Claudius Smith hid in old Schunnemunk would we wear his boots.'

"Brainard Pierson laughed, and next day started with his cattle down Jersey way, wearing the dead Tory's boots. Somewhere down near the Ramapo Pass a man coming this way met a drove of cattle. They went on by, and the man noticed that no drover was behind them. He went on. He had gone a quarter of a mile or so when he almost stumbled over a man lying in the road. He noticed that the man had on a remarkably fine pair of boots, but he started back in terror as he saw a rattlesnake lying near his feet. Discovering that the serpent was dead, he advanced and was horrified to see that the prostrate man's face was black and swollen, and that he was dead. It was plain that the rattlesnake had bitten the man, who had then killed the snake before he was overcome by its venom.

"The dead man was Brainard Pierson. The discoverer of the tragedy sought the nearest help, and the rattlesnake's victim was brought home to Schunnemunk. The head of the snake had been crushed by a stone, and one of its fangs was gone. The snake had bitten clear through one of the boots Brainard wore, and a tiny puncture on his ankle showed where the deadly venom had entered to do its deadly work.

"'Claudius Smith's boots!' was the first exclamation that folks made when Brainard Pierson was brought home dead from a rattlesnake bite. 'There's blood on 'em, and we told him so!'

"For a long time nothing was talked about all through the Schunnemunk country but Brainard Pierson's haunted boots, and the awful fate that Brainard met with because he flew in the face of warning and wore them. Somehow or other, though, Brainard's folks didn't seem to be able to see just how it was that he wouldn't have been struck by the rattlesnake if he hadn't had Claudius Smith's boots on, and so the boots remained in the family. There was no one big enough yet in the family to wear boots, and so they were put to one side. And there they remained unused for ten years. Then the house was robbed one night. Among the property stolen were the haunted boots. There was a great time among folks when this became known. They declared that they ought to ride in all directions on fleet horses and hunt the robbers down.

"'Not so much because he's a robber,' they said, 'but to keep him from wearing them haunted boots. We can jail him for being a thief. It'll be a capital punishment if we let him wear Claudius Smith's boots.'

"If they did any riding they didn't overtake the robber in time to warn him against the fatal boots. Two days after the robbery young George Pierson, Brainard's son, was hunting on Seven Springs mountain, and, going over to one of the springs to get a drink, he found a dead man lying near it, black in the face and swollen. Near by the body lay a big bundle. The dead man had on the stolen Claudius Smith's boot! Young Pierson pulled off the boots. On the man's right ankle was a little purplish-red puncture.

"'A rattlesnake had struck him as sure as fate!' exclaimed young Pierson.

"The bundle contained the things stolen from the Pierson family. George backed them home, and brought the boots along. Then he spread the news about finding the robber on Seven Springs mountain, dead from a rattlesnake's bite.

"'And the haunted boots?' folks asked.

"'He had 'em on,' said young George.

"'Claudius Smith might just as well be living and prowling and butchering along old Schunnemunk again,' they said, 'if we're going to keep them haunted boots of his working for him!'

"But still the Pierson folks couldn't see what Claudius Smith's boots had to do with rattlesnakes biting people, and they kept the boots. No one ever knew who the dead robber was, and they buried him on the mountain.

"'Seems queer, too,' folks said, 'that if Claudius Smith is haunting the boots he'd turn 'em against a robber.'

"Several years went by again before anyone else wore the haunted boots. Then a relation of the Pierson folks, who lived down in the Ringwood valley, came visiting them. He saw the boots, and took a great fancy to 'em. He wanted to buy 'em, although he knew the fate of the only two persons who had worn 'em in years.

"'There ain't any rattlesnakes in our section,' said he. 'I'll risk the haunt.'

"The Pierson folks wouldn't sell him the boots, but they made him a present of 'em. He took 'em home with 'em. Some folks say that he didn't tell his father-in-law the story of the boots when he made him a present of 'em after he got home, and some say he did. At any rate, the father-in-law had a good deal of property which would go to this Pierson relation's wife when her father died, and her father was in the best of health. The son-in-law made him a present of Brainard Pierson's haunted boots. The father-in-law put 'em on one day and went for a walk. Not long afterward he came staggering back home.

"He was a dead man an hour later, with a black swollen face and body. On his right ankle was the mark of a rattlesnake bite, as there had been on Brainard Pierson's and on the dead robbers. And there was not a rattlesnake in all that country! The father-in-law of the Pierson relation was dead before the doctor could get there. The doctor was told the story of the haunted boots. Seizing the right boot, he slashed it down to the ankle with his knife. Something white fell from it to the floor. The doctor picked it up. He examined it for a moment.

"'A rattlesnake's fang,' said he. 'And there's poison enough yet in its channel to kill another man!'

"It was the missing fang of the snake that had bitten Brainard Pierson. It had been pulled from its socket by the firm hold the leather of the boot had taken of it. Held fast thus, with its point on the inside, contact with it had been of sufficient force to puncture the ankles of the persons who had since worn the boot. The venom, though dry, was still potent, and its work as deadly as when it lay in its sack in the rattlesnake's jaw. That was what the doctor said.

"'S'posin' he does say so?' Schunnemunk folks said. 'If Brainard Pierson hadn't worn Claudius Smith's boots the rattlesnake wouldn't left his fang in 'em, would it? So it was Brainard Pierson's haunted boots that done it, and that's all there is to it!'

"And a good many Schunnemunk folks think so to this day."—N. Y. Sun.

SEA LIFE OF THE SHAD.

An Old Fisherman's Fanciful Picture of the Shad Coming Up the Coast.

"I read in the Sun the other day," said an old fisherman, "that nobody really knows anything about the sea life of the shad, and I suppose that's so; nobody knows for sure whether it hangs around in deep water in the ocean within 100 miles of the coast, outside of the river where it came from, or whether the schools from the various rivers all join together in one great school and move south into warmer waters. They say it isn't likely that the fish get together in this way, because, if they did, they'd be pretty sure to come up near the surface to feed in the warmer waters, and they'd be almost certain to be seen there, which they never have been; still I suppose it is possible that they do go south in this way; and if they do, what would happen when the spawning season approached and they started north again to seek the fresh waters would be something like this:

"When the great school got off the mouth of the St. John's river in Florida, the fish that had come from there would say in the shad language:

"'Well, shaddies, we're off!' and turn away and start for the St. John's.

"Abreast of Tybee Light the Savannah river shad would say:

"'Well, so long!' and sheer off and make for the Savannah.

"And so they'd go, the great school holding its northerly course with the advancing season and the rising temperature of the water, but growing smaller all the time as the different schools left it and made for the rivers where they belonged.

"They might not always get there. A storm might come along and divert some school or the greater part of it from its own to another river, where they'd be added to the fish that did belong there. This might account for the remarkably good catch in one river that season, and for the partial failure in the other."—N. Y. Sun.

WIRING THE DESERT.

Telephone Lines Going Up Across the Great Sahara.

The telephone and the telegraph are rapidly making inroads into the arid portion of the desert of Sahara. Engineer Bayolle is now on the way from Biskra to Tuggurth with a working force of 100 men for the purpose of laying telegraph wires between the two places. The line is erected as the party proceeds, and the first news from Bayolle was received at Biskra when he telephoned from a point some 20 miles south of Biskra. He advanced at the rate of from three to five miles a day, and will probably reach Tuggurth about the first of the year.

He reports over the 'phone that he has met with a peculiar difficulty; the camels which he has taken along are not used to carrying burdens of a long shape like telegraph poles, and in many cases they refuse to go on with their loads. Each camel was loaded with four poles, two being strapped to each side, the smaller ends dragging on the ground.

Bayolle found it necessary to leave behind half of his poles at stated points, and continue on the trip with the lightened burden; since only short distances are covered at a time, he then sends the camel drivers back for the rest of the load, and in this way the poles are transported without being dragged on the ground.

Since the camels will not carry the poles strapped alongside of them he had to resort to the peculiar mode of balancing the telegraph poles across the pack saddles and fastening them in this position by means of straps and ropes. From a little distance it is quite a curious sight to behold the file of camels with their swinging gait, and a lead extending many feet to each side. One would think that a drove of gigantic birds with spread wings was sailing over the desert.—Chicago Tribune.

Wages in Mexico.

There are really no wages in Mexico. All working people take what they can get, that is, what the employer chooses to pay. Wage-workers make so little that there is no incentive to thrift, no stimulation of energy. The classes are the rich and the poor; there is no middle class. More hopefully, perhaps, it might be said that a middle class is just beginning to form. They who see no hope of independence, or even of small homes, naturally have no ambition. As soon as they get a very little money they quit their employment and squander it. Many employers make money, but their prosperity is based on the degradation of labor. The men who do the heavy work in the mines of Mexico receive not more than 75 cents to $1 a day in Mexican money, or 40 or 50 cents in actual money; for agricultural labor there never is a quotable rate; hackmen and waiters at restaurants depend almost wholly on "tips," which custom makes small, and the half money of the country smaller; house servants get from $2 to $5 a month—rarely the higher price.—Portland Oregonian.

—To dream that you have put on clean linen means you will shortly receive some good news.

M'KINLEY AS CANDIDATE.

Corrupt Methods Employed to Put Him Forward.

It is not to be wondered at that the republican opponents of Mr. McKinley are making charges touching the virtue of the men who are conducting this campaign. They are saying that rich manufacturers have been corrupting the primaries throughout the country, and that the delegates have been purchased. However that may be, it is clear that a public man must gain a reputation that unfits him for the presidency if he is the servant of those who are interested in government only as it enures to their pecuniary profit. Whether Mr. McKinley's strength in the convention has or has not been procured by the corrupt use of money, whether, if it has been, he is or is not a party to the corruption, he is the candidate of those who want to divert the government from its constitutional function of promoting the general welfare that its chief power may be used for their own selfish purposes. And it is because Mr. McKinley has already permitted himself to be employed as the agent of such men, and is presumably willing to be so employed again, that the extreme protectionists show such anxiety to bring about his nomination that prominent men of their own party are led to accuse them of employing corrupt means to accomplish their end.

Another aspect of this candidacy is that McKinley is not only the chief of the extreme protectionists, but he has heretofore been for unsound money, and is now, if we are to believe the platform of the Ohio state convention which nominated him, in favor of bimetallism, either through international arrangement or, if that cannot be had, through congressional legislation. In other words, the protected manufacturers, in order to capture the silver vote for the restoration of the tariff law of 1890, are willing to elect as president a man whose views on the currency are unsound.

It will be difficult—we trust, impossible—to elect Mr. McKinley president on the theory that has dominated his canvass for the nomination. The tariff is not to be the issue at the coming election, nor, if it were, do we believe that the country would agree to make another trial of McKinleyism. The issue is to be the currency question. Neither the silver men nor the gold-standard advocates are likely to support a double-dealer merely because he is ready to do the bidding of the men who are now working for his nomination. If the republican party has really come under the control of the beneficiaries of the tariff of 1890, and if therefore its convention nominate McKinley in grateful recognition of past tariff favors, and in hope of like favors to come, if in order to make the tariff issue prominent the party is to face both ways on the currency issue, the leaders who are anticipating a triumph at the coming election are likely to be grievously disappointed; for, no matter what the politicians may think, the country wants the money issue settled, and the question that will be put to candidates in the approaching campaign is: "Where do you stand on the money question?" To this question Mr. McKinley has not yet made a reply that is satisfactory to the advocates of sound money; nay, he has more than once ranged himself on the side of those who could debase the currency in order that 50 cents might be made to pay a dollar of indebtedness. Although he would not probably dare renew his advocacy of such a silver bill as the Sherman law, and although he might fear to stand squarely with Teller, Dubois, Stewart, and his other silver friends, Mr. McKinley does not favor the single gold standard, and therefore his election to the presidency would be fraught with danger to the best interests of the country.—Harper's Weekly.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——Some of the McKinley delegates are reported already to have eaten their tags.—Chicago Tribune (rep.).

——Who says Tom Reed is weakening? He is "firing" democrats out of the house though the republican majority is too large to be manageable already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

——If Easy Boss Platt discovers that he is Gov. Morton's Jonah it may sadden him. But he is likely to be still sadder after he has turned the stomach of the McKinley whale.—N. Y. World.

——Republican papers in New York are solemnly proclaiming that there is absolute harmony in the ranks of the party in that state. The ostrich evidently has his head in the sand.—Detroit Free Press.

——McKinley's platform, a republican paper says, is far-reaching enough to satisfy all loyeal republicans. It is not nearly so far-reaching, however, as are the plans to capture the various states in his behalf.—St. Louis Republic.

——All this talk in Indiana about McKinley is humbug. The republican bosses in that state are knifing him. They are pipe-laying for Harrison. The impression is being made that McKinley is radical and Harrison conservative upon the tariff question. The latter is as radical as the former, and perhaps more so. Harrison signed the McKinley bill willingly. If he ever suggested any modification it is not recorded.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

ARCHITECTS OF THE PLATFORM.

Each One Working on His Own Plans and Specifications.

In view of the stubborn claim made by the republican party that it is the party of sound money and sound financial principles, the platforms presented by it in different states afford the evidence on which the people will base a popular verdict. The stupidity of the claim had already been established by the course of certain United States senators, and among them the chairman of the republican national committee, but it is emphasized by the comparison of platforms. It is plain that the builders have been governed by politic considerations and are deliberately aiming to hoodwink the voters in every section, or that there is a division of sentiment that cannot be healed by any false pretense of unanimity. Indeed, there are strong reasons for believing that both of these potential influences inspired the architects.

The ambiguous expressions of Ohio republicans on the subject of silver were unquestionably designed to attract western, northwestern and southern delegates to the support of McKinley. It has been noted that since the promulgation of that financial double-header the same confusion of ideas has been embodied in the "declaration of principles" given out by other states in the sections named and that they have shown a strong leaning toward the representative of the Ohio idea. On the other hand, the New York platform was constructed with the purpose of unifying the delegates from the middle and eastern states against McKinley and uniting them on Reed or Morton, as the one or the other of these candidates may develop the greater strength in the convention.

It is inevitable that these conflicting sentiments shall assert themselves in the national convention, and the alternative against an open rupture will be an adjustable financial plank so constructed that it will dovetail with the dominant sentiment of any and all communities. It is this horn of the dilemma that will be taken by those in control. Then the thinking delegates with honest convictions will be governed largely by the known character and records of the candidates. The study of these is a matter to which patriotic republicans should address themselves, for to attach importance to platforms diametrically opposed or to act upon the declarations of a convention that will be afraid to do more than to disguise its views would be the error of insincerity and partisan servility. The claim that the republican party is distinctively the champion of sound money is without the slightest foundation in fact.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW IT WILL BE DECIDED.

Contested Delegates Will Make Trouble at St. Louis.

According to present indications the balance of power in the republican national convention at St. Louis will be held by the contested delegations. "Joe" Manley, the secretary of the republican national committee, is reported as saying that 56 contested seats are already reported and that there are likely to be 100 more.

The convention that was held in Texas recently presented a case resembling many others at the south and resembling the condition of affairs likely to exist at St. Louis. A huge colored politician named Cuney is chairman of the Texas republican state committee. He is said to be an Allison man, and a combination has been formed by Reed and Allison to procure southern delegates against McKinley. In the Texas convention of 300 or 400 delegates there were 136 contested seats, and Cuney's committee decided all the cases. McKinley men were all thrown out and their opponents admitted to seats. This shows the advantage of controlling the committee that decides contested cases.

At St. Louis the delegation from each state will choose one of its number to be member of the committee on credentials. Forty-five states, five territories and the District of Columbia will each have a member of the committee, making 53 in all, of which 27 is a majority. The prospect before McKinley is as plain as his facial resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte.

McKinley must go into the St. Louis convention with a majority of the delegates from 27 states and territories or the committee on credentials will be packed against him. With an adverse committee the claim of 156 McKinley delegates to seats in the contested cases will be decided against them and their places will be given to anti-McKinley men.

In short, it appears that in an indirect manner, but effectually, the next republican candidate for president will be nominated by the committee on credentials and not by the delegates as chosen from the people.—Chicago Chronicle.

——A few Pennsylvania manufacturers met with the leading free silver republicans in Washington lately for the purpose of formulating a plan of campaign in favor of free silver and protection. The two causes are now linked together. Both have for their purpose the alienation of the United States from the rest of the world. They serve the same purpose—to build a wall around this country and place obstacles in the way of international trade. There is at least a shadow of logic in the advocacy of free silver by an advocate of high protection.—Kansas City Times.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CHEAP FOOD MATERIAL.

Economy Is Always in Order on the Average Stock Farm.

Great waste of food is the rule on the average stock farm. This is especially true on the general farm, where but a moderate number of domestic animals is the rule. The waste is not the quantity but in the quality of the food given the live stock. Corn and oats are often fed freely to the brood mares and older horses when not at work, and when they are in high flesh. The same practice is found in feeding dry sows, ewes, sows, etc., when they are loaded with flesh and fat. Discrimination is not made in feeding for growth and for the proper maintenance of good condition. The food of support is too largely augmented in many cases.

It is not safe to overfeed the breeding stock.

There is always danger in the effort to limit food of going to the other extreme. This may be avoided by the substitution of the cheaper grades of food. The ensilage furnishes a cheaper quality but a very satisfactory food for making gain, and also maintaining condition and vigor of digestion. The various roots, vegetables and fruits can be substituted as a part ration for all of the stock not fattening to a finish. The bulky provender, too, should be used freely instead of grain, as the grain can be more easily carried over to next year when it may be much more valuable. A wise use of economy in feeding. Ordinary salt and wood ashes, kept accessible to the stock, do good service in maintaining good heath, as well as in giving full effect to the food given to the animals on the farm.

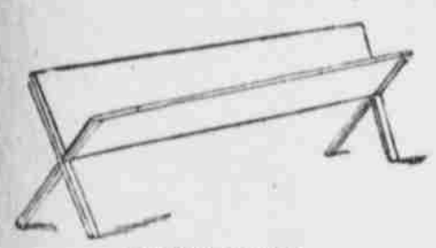
There is, occasionally, a false pride about the condition of one's domestic animals. The horse for work or the young growing animal is better able to maintain vigor or make the best growth, if in good flesh rather than excessively fat.

Grazing can be provided on most farms during nine months of the year. The rye, early oats and winter wheat are all the better when grazed judiciously. This reserves the blue-grass for rainy, windy days in winter, and enables limited acres of regular pasture to do greater service. Oats can be sown in March, and will afford grazing to colts, calves and lambs after May 1, and to hogs after May 20. From March 1 to September 1 is a good time to save the good corn and oats, in view of crop possibilities. Economy is always in order.—Western Rural.

CHEAP FODDER CUTTER.

A Homemade Device Which Will Answer Every Ordinary Purpose.

We farmers must economize. If we can make a device that will answer every purpose, we needn't buy one, and thus save the money to pay $2,000 official salaries and inflation railroad fares. I made a cutting box, to cut cornfodder, etc. It is shown in the cut, which explains itself. Four pieces of scantling 2x2, and 28 inches long, make the x frame or ends. Two boards 14 inches wide and 4 feet long, placed as shown, make the box. This makes a box a little higher than an ordinary man's knee. Place a bundle of fodder in the box, put your knee on it, and with hay knife



FODDER CUTTER.

shear off the ends sticking over the box. Push the bundle along and repeat. Cut up to the band, then turn the bundle around end for end, and go ahead again.

For horses, I cut 3 or 4 inches long, and think it short enough. With a box like this I cut fodder for six horses and three cows last winter, feeding a bushel apiece at a feed. It took me about five minutes to cut enough for one feed.—Ohio Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A lot of old-time sheepraisers who sold out a year or two ago are buying up again.

It is a good plan to get the poorest land on the farm in grass and cultivate the more fertile land.

There is no need of run-down farms where those in charge grow clover liberally and rotate with good judgment.

Experiments with sachaline and the flat pea at the Swiss station for three years resulted in the condemnation of both.

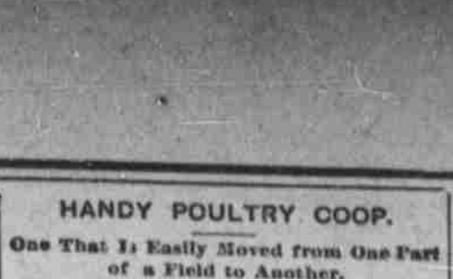
If the oats are covered two or three inches deep the plants will be safer from a hard frost or a dry spell than if too shallow.

The director of the Oklahoma experiment station says: Teosinte, a giant grass, somewhat like corn, makes a large growth.. At the experiment station as much as 25 tons per acre of green fodder was secured from a small plat. This crop is troublesome to handle, and the fact that it does not mature seed in this climate is an objection..—Journal of Agriculture.

HANDY POULTRY COOP.

One That Is Easily Moved from One Part of a Field to Another.

During winter poultry men should find time to repair old chicken coops and make new ones. With ordinary care more vigorous pullets can be raised by scattering them about the fields in small colonies after haying, as insects then form a very cheap and important portion of their diet. When biddy brings forth her brood, place her in one of the coops with the movable run in position. This allows her to get to the ground. After she leaves her chicks the run is removed, the roosts placed in position and the family moved to any convenient spot. Pullets may be sheltered in such a house until cold weather or until they begin to lay. The coops will accommodate 25 chicks or 10 well-grown pullets. It is 4 by 3 feet, and 2½ feet high at the eaves. The run is 4 by 3 feet. The run and roof are built with a pitch of 90 degrees. The



SUMMER POULTRY COOP.

sills are of 2 by 4 material, and extended as shown in the cut to facilitate moving. The plates are of 2 by 2-inch material, and extended each way 1 foot beyond the eaves for handles. The sides, roof and floor are of jointed pine boards. The roof is covered with one thickness of sheathing paper held in place by cleats. If this is jointed it will make a waterproof roof that will last a number of seasons. The first 15 inches below each gable should be of half-inch wire netting for ventilation. Each end is provided with a door 1 foot wide, one hinged, the other arranged to slide. The roof should have a 2-inch projection all around to throw rain. The run is made by nailing laths 2½ inches apart upon a frame made of 2 by 2 scantling. Two men can easily move this coop from one part of field to another, giving the chicks new feeding room.—American Agriculturist.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

It Will Pay Only When Joined to Plain Common Sense.

The following, from a book recently published entitled "999 Queries With Answers," emphasizes our warning frequently given that while cultivating science farmers must use judgment. The intelligent practice of agriculture is now guided by science, and in the future it will be ruled by it. Unfortunately, but a small proportion of agriculturists will possess scientific intelligence, and, consequently, the practices and errors of the past will be continued by the great majority. There will be three classes of agriculturists—the altogether unscientific, the practical cultivator with some scientific attainments and the scientific theorist, without practical experience or capacity for making things pay. The agricultural experimental stations have done more in the last 20 years to disseminate scientific knowledge of the action of fertilizers, plant diseases and cures, injurious insects and methods of destroying them, than any agency which ever existed. Agriculture is becoming scientific, but it can never be entirely so, as no method or system can be depended upon to produce a fixed result, consequent upon the uncertain effect of meteorological happenings. No art will call to its aid to interpret it so many scientific branches as agriculture, but all that will never make it a perfect science on account of the unfixed quantity of heat and cold, rain or drought, the variations of which defeat all calculations.

FATTENING LAMBS.

Prof. Roberts Tells What Experience Has Shown to Be a Good Ration.

For fattening lambs Prof. Roberts gives the following ration in the Rural New Yorker:

Cornmeal should form, in connection with the other foods mentioned, one-third of the grain ration. Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 20 pounds; peas, 30 pounds; oats, 50 pounds. Mix and feed from one-half to one pound per day per lamb. This will do when shredded cornstalks are used, but when clover is fed there should be a greater proportion of corn, and less of oats and peas. If one feed is of shredded corn and one of clover each day, then the corn should not be increased, and the oats and peas diminished as much as when clover is fed exclusively.

Sheep do not relish wheat as well as the other grains, either whole or ground. Better feed the wheat to the chickens. The grain alone would give a nutritive ratio of one to five and five-tenths. The shredded corn fodder would widen it possibly one to six or one to six and five-tenths. It would be still too narrow for fattening lambs in cold quarters; if kept in warm quarters, it would be wide enough. By substituting a little corn for a part of the highly nitrogenous food (peas and oil meal) the ration could be easily widened. A few mangels or some other succulent food would improve the ration.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WERE it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BOB—"Say, ain't you going to stand treat? I thought you had money to burn." Dick—"I should have if you would furnish the draft."—Boston Transcript.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE Bible tells the sluggard to go to the ant, but in these days most of them go to the father-in-law.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Rack, the Thumbscrew and the Boot

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.

LADY CUSTOMER (in china shop)—"Do you break these sets?" Dealer—"No, madam; the purchasers' servants usually attend to that."—Tit-Bits.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., Ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—Colton.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

GLORY is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

OR what use are forms, seeing at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which are at times empty, too.—Hare.

A DOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

GIRD your hearts with silent fortitude, suffering yet hoping all things.—Mrs. Hemans.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

A DEFINITION.—"What is a critic?" "He is a man who rips things to pieces without knowing how to put them together again."—Chicago Record.

A BITTER and perplexed "What shall I do?" is worse to man than worst necessity.—Coleridge.

THOUGH plunged in ills and exercised in care, yet never let the noble mind despair.—Phillips.

IN advertising "continuous" is the word. Plunges are rarely successful.—Brains.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

IN sleep, when fancy is let loose to play, our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.—Claudius.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

IT is easier to find fault than to know what to do for it.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

CATARRH

is a

LOCAL DISEASE

and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

HOG CHOLERA.

We will furnish medicine to treat one herd of Sick Hogs in EACH TOWNSHIP in the United States **FREE** Give express office and number of hogs. A trial only costs express charges and a report of the results of using the medicine.

WM. HALL MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

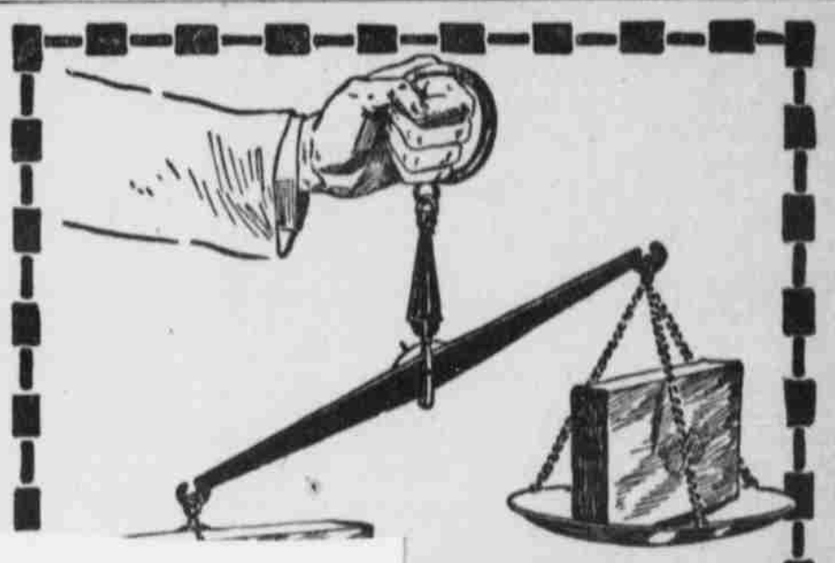
Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

A. D. 1780.

Try Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate and you will understand why their business established in 1780 has flourished ever since. Look out for imitations.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



You only get of other good tobaccos 3½ ozs. for 10 cents.

BattleAx PLUG

You get over 2 ounces more of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents than any other tobacco of the same grade. These two ounces really cost you nothing, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

"In the springtime of the year I always take your Sarsaparilla as I find the blood requires it, and as a blood purifier it is unequalled. Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with ....." *

Poets Break Out

in the springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LIVE STOCK CUTS.

We will furnish duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS or any OTHER CUT shown in any SPECIMEN BOOK, at or below quoted prices for same.

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.,

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT TESTED 70 YEARS Salesmen and club makers wanted for GOLD plate, etc. Stark, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor
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Bracken	7	Madison	13
Breathitt	5	Magoffin	3
Breckinridge	9	Marion	8
Bullitt	4	Marshall	5
Butler	4	Martin	1
Caldwell	5	Mason	13
Calloway	8	McCracken	9
Campbell	22	McLean	4
Carlisle	4	Meade	6
Carroll	8	Menifee	3
Carter	7	Mercer	8
Casey	5	Metcalfe	3
Christian	12	Monroe	3
Clark	10	Montgomery	8
Clay	5	Morgan	6
Clinton	4	Muhlenberg	7
Crittenden	6	Nelson	10
Cumberland	7	Nicholas	7
Daviess	17	Ohio	9
Edmonson	4	Oldham	4
Elliott	5	Owen	13
Estill	3	Owsley	1
Fayette	17	Pendleton	7
Fleming	9	Perry	2
Floyd	6	Pike	9
Franklin	11	Powell	3
Fulton	6	Pulaski	9
Gallatin	4	Robertson	3
Garrard	6	Rockcastle	4
Grant	8	Rowan	3
Graves	13	Russell	3
Grayson	7	Scott	11
Green	4	Shelby	11
Greenup	6	Simpson	6
Hancock	4	Spencer	5
Hardin	10	Taylor	4
Harlan	1	Todd	8
Harrison	11	Trigg	6
Hart	7	Trimble	6
Henderson	11	Union	11
Henry	9	Warren	16
Hickman	6	Washington	6
Hopkins	10	Wayne	5
Jackson	1	Webster	6
Jefferson	105	Whitley	3
Jessamine	6	Wolfe	3
Johnson	4	Woodford	8
Kenton	28		
Knott	3	Total	907
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I. N. McGuire, who has been at West Liberty for some time, has returned home again.

The majority of our farmers have done planting. A few have not plowed any for corn as yet.

Noah Cesco, one of White Oak's promising young men, called on Miss Lillian Patrick Sunday. Did not learn his business.

Alma and Luther Swango left Friday for the Masonic Home at Louisville. Their grandfather, Alex Patrick, accompanied them.

Old Bro. Adams, of West Liberty, will preach at the Greasy school house on the 5th Saturday and Sunday of this month, and the following week at Maytown.

Caney Cullings.

Alex Rose, of Red river, bought a mare for $55 from Seborn Likins.

Isaac Elam, of Caney, lost his house with all its contents by fire last week.

Died, on the 24th ult., William Wells. His loss was mourned by all who knew him. He was a devoted Christian, and for many years a member of the Baptist church. He was one of Morgan county's best citizens, and his remains were followed to the grave by about 300 people.

May 4. NED

MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

Hendricks Hustings.

C. White Patrick, of this place, is improving in health.

Mamie B. Arnett was a guest of Jno. P. Siner Saturday.

Dudley H. Arnett was a guest of Willie Day, Saturday and Sunday.

K. N. Arnett was the guest of Miss Nannie Patrick Saturday night.

Doug Patrick and Miss Ducie Franklin had a nice time horseback riding last Sunday.

Misses Lillie May, Martha Salyer and others were guests of Miss Gemma Patrick, Sunday.

Rev. George W. Bailey, Riley Howard and B. F. Arnett were guests of Ambrose Arnett, Sunday.

Hon. Jno. W. Howard, of Salyersville, passed here a few days ago on his return from Campton.

Lark Arnett, David W. Dyer and R. C. Salyer were guests of Reese A. Patton Saturday night and Sunday.

The lads and lassies seem to know that spring is here, and only a small number of the lads are making good use of the precious golden moments.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Miss Mintie Patrick, of this place is teaching the remainder of Mrs. Henry Blankenship's school. Says she is having a good attendance for the season.

Miss June Patrick, one of Magoffin's fairest young belles, has returned from Missouri, where she has been visiting her brother Frank for the past two months.

The people of Burning Fork were blessed with a nice meeting Sunday, conducted by Rev. Homes, fourteen being baptized and about the same number to be baptized Sunday week at Lickskillet.

May 4. CORRESPONDENT.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Spencer Sporadics.

I must give you a few items from the divide between the mountains and the bluegrass.

Emmet Ledfort, who is attending school in your town, attended the circus at Mt. Sterling and spent a few pleasant days with the "old folks at home" recently.

Our esteemed friend and circus-going cotemporary, Pete Greenwade, merchant of this place, did not attend the recent circus at Mt. Sterling, but was represented in all the laughable and exciting scenes of that day by his valuable and faithful clerk, Willie Day.

The effect of the recent local showers on this section has been extremely beneficial, and grass has improved 25 per cent. in the last week. The recent drought has seriously restricted the contemplated tobacco crop in this immediate vicinity, through the injury done tobacco beds. Plants will be extremely scarce for early setting.

The many who attended the circus at Mt. Sterling on the 30th ult., informs us that the affair was extremely entertaining. The clowns performed thier parts well, but they failed to tell us why it is that people will spend money and waste valuable time to see so much foolishness when they are surrounded by it every day, and most of them clowns themselves. But then "a little nonsense now and then" etc.

May 4. SLOCUM.

I have arranged to keep as much of the traveling public as desire to stop with me. Sample rooms for commercial men. One door west of postoffice. Respectfully,

MRS. ELLEN KASH.

LATE STATE NEWS.

At Maysville Miss Lizzie Maddox, aged 88, fell and died from the shock.

Charlie Poindexter, of Boyle county, has a hen covered with hair eight inches in length.

A hail storm in Letcher county last week did considerable damage to growing crops, etc.

J. A. Ewing, a carpenter, fell off the roof of a house at Guthrie and was not dangerously injured.

Niss Nannie Wood, of Maysville, won the joint declamatory contest between Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Maysville and Richmond.

Circuit Judge Cantrill, of Frankfort, has decided that the Franklin county court has the right to abolish the office of county treasurer.

The wife of Oscar B. Lyons, a Graves county farmer, has broken the record by giving birth to five boys, all of whom have good prospects of living.

At a timber camp near Henshaw, Union county, Bob Ward, in a fit of jealous rage, fatally shot his wife and then blew out his own brains.

Ten thousand acres of timber and mineral lands in Letcher county were sold for taxes. It was the property of eastern capitalists and brought $3 per acre.

Ballard was the first county in the state to organize its road system under the new law which provides for working the roads by taxation, and adopted road machines.

A Lexington fisherman caught 31 pounds of fish with a pole and line out of the waterworks reservoir near that city in three hours. The largest fish was a newlight and weighed three pounds.

GREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The : Largest : and : Best : Stock : of : Clothing : in : Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!
REGARDLESS OF COST!
REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from $12. $15, $20 and $25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR $7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. **But Bring the Cash With You When You Come!** One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at $7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at $4.99, and worth $10 and $12, at $3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and $1, worth $1.50, $2 and $3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at $2, worth $5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

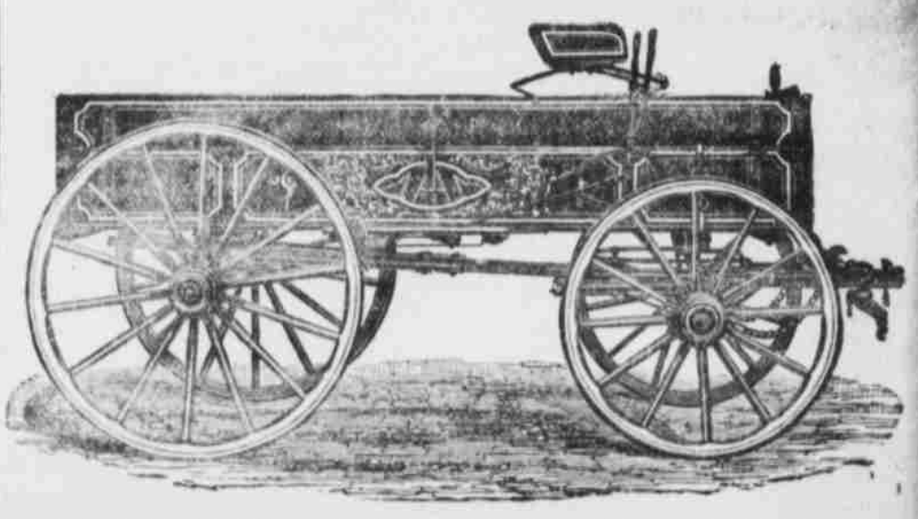
LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

HOFFMAN'S Insurance : Agency.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

The Safest, Best and MOST RELIABLE Agency in Eastern Kentucky. Rates Reasonable.

ASSETS OVER..... $260,000.00.
LOSSES PAID..... 275,000.00.

Address A. HOFFMAN, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Bowling Green Business College

THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

A School of Business Shorthand Penmanship Telegraphy & Typewriting

HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.

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Henderson	11	Union	11
Henry	9	Warren	16
Hickman	6	Washington	6
Hopkins	10	Wayne	5
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Alex Rose, of Red river, bought a mare for $55 from Seborn Likins.

Isaac Elam, of Caney, lost his house with all its contents by fire last week.

Died, on the 24th ult., William Wells, His loss was mourned by all who knew him. He was a devoted Christian, and for many years a member of the Baptist church. He was one of Morgan county's best citizens, and his remains were followed to the grave by about 300 people.

May 4. NED

MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

Hendricks Hustings.

C. White Patrick, of this place, is improving in health.

Mamie B. Arnett was a guest of Jno. P. Siner Saturday.

Dudley H. Arnett was a guest of Willie Day, Saturday and Sunday.

K. N. Arnett was the guest of Miss Nannie Patrick Saturday night.

Doug Patrick and Miss Ducie Franklin had a nice time horseback riding last Sunday.

Misses Lillie Mey, Martha Salyer and others were guests of Miss Gemma Patrick, Sunday.

Rev. George W. Bailey, Riley Howard and B. F. Arnett were guests of Ambrose Arnett, Sunday.

Hon. Jno. W. Howard, of Salyersville, passed here a few days ago on his return from Campton.

Lark Arnett, David W. Dyer and R. C. Salyer were guests of Reese A. Patton Saturday night and Sunday.

The lads and lassies seem to know that spring is here, and only a small number of the lads are making good use of the precious golden moments.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Miss Mintie Patrick, of this place is teaching the remainder of Mrs. Henry Blankenship's school. Says she is having a good attendance for the season.

Miss June Patrick, one of Magoffin's fairest young belles, has returned from Missouri, where she has been visiting her brother Frank for the past two months.

The people of Burning Fork were blessed with a nice meeting Sunday, conducted by Rev. Homes, fourteen being baptized and about the same number to be baptized Sunday week at Lickskillet.

May 4. CORRESPONDENT.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Spencer Sporadics.

I must give you a few items from the divide between the mountains and the bluegrass.

Emmet Ledfort, who is attending school in your town, attended the circus at Mt. Sterling and spent a few pleasant days with the "old folks at home" recently.

Our esteemed friend and circus-going cotemporary, Pete Greenwade, merchant of this place, did not attend the recent circus at Mt. Sterling, but was represented in all the laughable and exciting scenes of that day by his valuable and faithful clerk, Willie Day.

The effect of the recent local showers on this section has been extremely beneficial, and grass has improved 25 per cent. in the last week. The recent drought has seriously restricted the contemplated tobacco crop in this immediate vicinity, through the injury done tobacco beds. Plants will be extremely scarce for early setting.

The many who attended the circus at Mt. Sterling on the 30th ult., informs us that the affair was extremely entertaining. The clowns performed thier parts well, but they failed to tell us why it is that people will spend money and waste valuable time to see so much foolishness when they are surrounded by it every day, and most of them clowns themselves. But then "a little nonsense now and then" etc.

May 4. SLOCUM.

I have arranged to keep as much of the traveling public as desire to stop with me. Sample rooms for commercial men. One door west of postoffice. Respectfully.

MRS. ELLEN KASH.

LATE STATE NEWS.

At Maysville Miss Lizzie Maddox, aged 88, fell and died from the shock.

Charlie Poindexter, of Boyle county, has a hen covered with hair eight inches in length.

A hail storm in Letcher county last week did considerable damage to growing crops, etc.

J. A. Ewing, a carpenter, fell off the roof of a house at Guthrie and was not dangerously injured.

Niss Nannie Wood, of Maysville, won the joint declamatory contest between Winchester, Mt. Sterling, Maysville and Richmond.

Circuit Judge Cantrill, of Frankfort, has decided that the Franklin county court has the right to abolish the office of county treasurer.

The wife of Oscar B. Lyons, a Graves county farmer, has broken the record by giving birth to five boys, all of whom have good prospects of living.

At a timber camp near Henshaw, Union county, Bob Ward, in a fit of jealous rage, fatally shot his wife and then blew out his own brains.

Ten thousand acres of timber and mineral lands in Letcher county were sold for taxes. It was the property of eastern capitalists and brought $3 per acre.

Ballard was the first county in the state to organize its road system under the new law which provides for working the roads by taxation, and adopted road machines.

A Lexington fisherman caught 31 pounds of fish with a pole and line out of the waterworks reservoir near that city in three hours. The largest fish was a newlight and weighed three pounds.

CREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!
REGARDLESS OF COST!
REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from $12, $15, $20 and $25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR $7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. **But Bring the Cash With You When You Come!** One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at $7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at $4.99, and worth $10 and $12, at $3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and $1, worth $1.50, $2 and $3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at $2, worth $5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

Louis & Gus Straus.

LEADING CLOTHIERS,

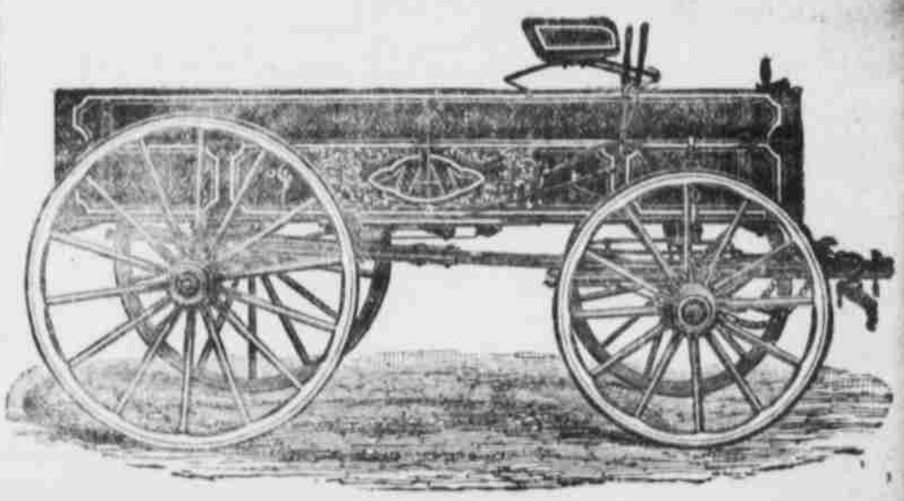
LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

HOFFMAN'S Insurance : Agency.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

The Safest, Best and MOST RELIABLE Agency in Eastern Kentucky. Rates Reasonable.

ASSETS OVER..... $260,000.00.
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A School of Business Shorthand Penmanship Telegraphy & Typewriting

CATALOGUE and JOURNAL FREE.

HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.

Cherry Bros. Bowling Green, Ky.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

SOME DAY OR OTHER.

Time enough yet for the current to turn—
"Hope while there's life," as philosophers say;
People now poor may have money to tear,
Provided they don't quit the job in despair.
Plod right ahead and you'll bring 'em your way—
Some day or other.

Facts grow on bushes for some, so it seems,
Others obliged, if they want 'em, to climb
Early and late—but what if you do?
No use to worry and fret yourself blue.
Plod right along and you'll bring 'em to time—
Some day or other.

Love-making's easy for some, it appears,
But what if it isn't for you?
Going to sit back like a bump on a board?
No, you'll propose, and if you should get floored
Speak your piece over and she'll help you through—
Some day or other.

Knew a man once who for twenty straight years
Courted a girl; but he hadn't the sand
To ask her to marry till finally she
Ups and she asks what his meaning might be,
Which shows that a woman, by watching her hand,
Can fetch the most bashful admirer to land—
Some day or other.

Nothing you want you can't get if you plod—
Money, or learning, or even the fair.
Tackle the task with grim death in your eye,
Buckle right to it and never say die;
Bound to win out if you really care—
Some day or other.

—Frank Putman, in Chicago Times-Herald.

IN A SPIDER'S PARLOR.

BY MAY LILIAN DODDS.

MY TOOTH had ached for a week, causing loss of sleep and abbreviated appetite. I am not more cowardly than other men when it comes to mounting a dentist's chair, but you know how it is. As sure as I would get my courage to the sticking point that tooth would give a kreat jump as if it contemplated saving a dentist's bill altogether; then quiet down, and I would change my mind about having it extracted.

The morning of October 13, after a night spent walking the floor with an unsympathetic stove-griddle to my face, I set out early intending to stroll about until an hour when I could find Tom Bradley at his office and secure the address of his dentist, for at that date I was a stranger in Washington.

I do not know how long, or where I wandered. Suffice it, that I found myself in a part of the city that had evidently seen better days. The houses were old-fashioned brick structures, dingy and faded, but a few retained an air of pretentiousness. The old lindens shivered at my curious stare, as if to deprecate the plebeian smell of onions; the clatter of dishes proclaimed that the stage of boarding houses had been reached. The corner house, alone, looked like a home.

At this point my obeservations met a check, for the chill autumn air had given a sharp fillip to my nerves and the pain broke forth with renewed energy.

"Heavens!" I cried, "if I could set eyes on a dentist's sign I'd put an end to this tooth if it took my head with it."

I spoke aloud, I suppose; though I dislike to acknowledge it, for I have always maintained that no man will render himself absurd by talking aloud in public unless he is accustomed to living in the country, isolated from his fellowmen, or one whose mental equipoise is insecure. Therefore, when a voice at my elbow said: "If you are in need of a dentist I am at your service, sir?" I started, guiltily, and with as much haughtiness as a man with one hand clasped to his jaw can assume, I asked:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Ah! I fancied from your expression that you were in pain; as I am a servant of suffering humanity, I offer my services."

I stared at him, uncertain whether to smile or to take affront. He was middle-aged and powerfully built; prepossessing in manner, save for an alertness and nervousness that impressed me (without time for analysis) as strangely at variance with his reposeful, intellectual features.

"Can I be of use to you?" he said, drawing a card from his case.

"Alexander Huron, M. D."

A twinge that twitched my face in a grimace, determined my answer.

"Thank you, Dr. Huron, I will be glad of your services if you can attend to me at once before my courage fades."

He threw away his half-smoked cigar.

"I have no engagement for this hour; you are suffering, so I will cut short my morning whiff."

"You are very kind," I replied, following him up the spotless marble steps. A policeman on the opposite corner was eying us with idle gaze; a vagrant dog shivered on the curb; otherwise the street was deserted. It was early.

Dr. Huron led the way to a pleasant room at the end of the hall, and, leaving me, passed into an adjoining room. I walked about striving to retain my composure. The clock presently struck half-past eight; what in the name of agonized nerves was the man doing! I strode to the window, but it gave only a view of the blank wall of another house; moreover it was barred closely and heavily. "Children!" I commented, mentally.

No sound came from the next room except the dripping of water; I examined the book-strewn table; magazines, newspapers, medical works, a volume of Lavater with many slips of paper inserted, and a work on hypnotism laid open, faced down.

While I was turning the pages of a magazine I heard close at hand the muffled clatter of cutlery; then a step in the next room; the click of an adjustable chair; and, at last, a voice saying: "Step in here, please."

When I drew aside the portiere, I started perceptibly. Dr. Huron had changed his smoking attire for a suit of spotless linen, whose short jacket, with sleeves barely reaching the elbows, displayed his splendid proportions; his arms showed white and muscular above his bronzed hands; a baker's cap of linen surmounted his thick, silvered hair.

"You make elaborate preparations," I said. He did not reply; but an inexplicable smile flickered over his lips, a smile that nettled me.

I mounted the chair and he adjusted it; I wondered at the excitement that possessed him; as he proceeded, a flush mottled his cheeks; his eyes grew sparkling and lost their shifty light. He worked with a deftness and dispatch that won my confidence, but the sensitive nerves rebelled.

"There is no hope of saving the tooth, sir; it must be extracted."

I smothered a groan: "Will you give me chloroform, doctor?"

He turned from me while he ran over the usual category of questions. I grew impatient:

"Yes! yes! I know all that. It'll be all right. I have no heart trouble, but I'll have heart failure if this inquisition goes on. Cut this, can't you?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, you shall have relief, and that immediately," the doctor replied. "Loosen your collar a trifle and settle yourself comfortably."

I dropped my head and closed my eyes. He busied himself adjusting the chair. Suddenly I started—he had strapped one of my arms to the chair and was tightening the other.

"What in thunder do you mean?" I cried, trying to rise. He pushed me back, gently but firmly, and looking straight into my eyes, said:

"I don't propose to risk a mauling when you are regaining consciousness. Your fists are too strong."

He stepped into the reception-room; I could have sworn that I heard a key turn in the lock. I rolled my gaze searchingly about the room. It was low ceiled, was lighted solely by a large skylight; the walls were a glistening blue; the floor was tiled in immaculate white; in one corner a wood fire blazed in a tiny grate; in another stood a stationary marble washstand with approved sanitary arrangements. Under the trickling stream from a high-curved metal faucet, lay a pair of surgeon's oilskin gloves. Beside the chair grewsome instruments of unfamiliar shape and purpose.

Ye Gods and little fishes! What did it all mean? Why was I strapped to an

"I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR."

operating table, within reach of all the appurtenances of a surgical operation for the simple occasion of extracting a tooth? What a fool I had been to trust myself in the hands of an absolute stranger, in I knew not what locality, in what was, to all intent, a prison, and now, bound and helpless. My hair rose on end;—swift visions passed before my mind of telegraphic scare-heads.

"Mysterious disappearance! Dropped out of sight!"

I wrenched at my fetters and screamed; but my voice died in my throat, for a small inhaling mask was clapped over my nose and mouth; firm, magnetic fingers closed on my wrist and settled their tips on my galloping pulse. A face bent over me, and I shrank before that penetrating, commanding gaze.

"Close your eyes and breathe naturally."

I wished to speak, to rebel, to cry out in piercing shrieks. Those eyes above me fixed my very soul in fettered impotence. A sudden chill struck me! I was slipping, moving, sliding, from a frightful height, gaining momentarily in velocity, till my breath, snatched from me, streamed away behind, like the banner of smoke from a locomotive.

My feet struck first, in an icy depth. I gathered all my forces in a mighty rebellion. Above me, through an icy cloud, two eyes shone like sunbursts, yet pierced me through and through, and sucked my will power up, as the sun draws misty vapors in long, shining spokes at sunset; all the while the icy flood was creeping higher, higher up my helpless body.

"Close your eyes and sleep!" I did not hear the words, for my ears were filled with the freezing tide that swirled and swept nearer and nearer to my brain. The words reached me through other medium than the crude sense of hearing. Again my benumbed, terrified will rallied to rebel against this usurpation of every faculty by a power greater than any anæsthetic. In one last effort memory unrolled not only the minute panorama of my past, but cycle upon cycle of history and romance. In one illuminating flash imagination turned her searchlight into the future; but the

HE PUSHED ME BACK.

vivid revelations were too immeasurable for the mental retina to catch aught but a dazzling glare. With a final mighty throe my being shrieked defiance to those points of light above me; then the inky cloud rolled over them; the devouring tide swept a freezing wave over my brows, and I knew no more.

I say I knew no more; but the mind takes no cognizance of unconsciousness, has only data by which to measure blankness. We measure sleep relatively, by a comparison of the last impression before losing consciousness and the first impression on awakening; not by the perception of difference in time between the two points during sleep. So it was with me.

Between the moment when the icy flood submerged my brain and the next distinct sensation of excrutiating pain there was not an instant's difference perceptible; when I opened my eyes the inky cloud was gone, familiar faces bent over me; I heard a woman's soft murmur: "Sh! he's coming to, poor fellow!" I wondered vaguely what ailed me; then a rush of recollection threatened to engulf my wavering consciousness; recognizing Tom Bradley's face in the crowd around me, I asked the first question that came to the surface: "Did he get it out?"

In time I learned the explanation of my adventure. Dr. Alexander Huron was a physician of wealth, culture and standing. Early in his practice he became interested in the effects of anæsthetics. From important discoveries made in the study of cocaine and chloroform, he became absorbed in the pursuit of a theory; he experimented on patients, on friends whenever he could gain their consent; at all times on himself until the insidious habit, and the constant pursuit of one idea had effect. For some time his friends had realized his condition, but had not considered his mania dangerous.

That morning of October 13, he had eluded the nurse on the pretext of a smoke in the fresh air. I do not believe he deliberately inveigled me in with the intention of making me a sacrifice to science, but when I fell into his hands, the temptation presented, his mania assumed sway.

My opportune rescue was due to the fortunate curiosity of a policeman on the corner. He was aware of Dr. Huron's condition; surprised to see him unguarded, he kept watch. Seeing him accost a passer-by and lead him within he awaited my reappearence. Becoming suspicious, he gave the alarm.

Doors leading to the doctor's apartments were found locked; no response could be elicited from within. Resorting to the skylight, what a frightful sight greeted the eyes! An apparently lifeless body lay on the operating table, with the white-clad doctor working with a deftness and speed terrifying to the onlookers. So absorbed was he in this labor, that the locks were picked and he was overpowered before he realized his position.

It was a hard fight for my life, but my robust constitution stood by me, and to-day all that remain of my adventure is a white thread-like scar, and certain memories that I do not often care to recall. And the tooth? Oh, I had that extracted when I grew stronger, but you may believe I employed a well-known dentist and bore the pain without the assistance of chloroform.—Banner of Gold.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Complex Remedy. — "Don't you think," said Mrs. Tungtwist, in the midst of a quarrel with her husband, "that we'd get along a good deal better together if we separated?"—N. Y. Herald.

—"So you were thrown out?" remarked the ashbarrel. "That is what you get for being crooked." "My crookedness is not my fault," said the nail. I was driven to it by a woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Prayer and Precept.—"Dear God," prayed a little Church street maiden last evening, "make a good little girl out of me; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—Bedford Examiner-Democrat.

—"Well father," exclaimed the prodigal son, as he made his appearance at the family fireside, "are you ready to kill the fatted calf?" "No," replied the old man, grimly, "I think I'll let you live."—Seattle Times.

—Perry Patettic (in the road)—"W'y don't you go in? De dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?" Wayworn Watson (at the gate)—"Yes, an' he's growlin' at the same time. I don't know which end to believe."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The Power of the Human Eye.—Blazley—"I was coming down-town in a car this morning, and the conductor came along and looked at me as if I hadn't paid my fare." Bizley—"What did you do?" Blazley—"I looked at him as if I had."—Roxbury Gazette.

—The Height of Cyclomania. — A cyclist was run down by a brother of the wheel in an avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. He fainted, and a passer-by ran to his assistance, and soon afterwards the injured man recovered consciousness. "Where am I?" he inquired. "You have been knocked down by a cyclist, who made off as soon as he had assured himself that his machine was none the worse for the collision." The victim with difficulty raised his head, and inquired: "Can you tell me the name of the maker?"—Le Rire.

A SIMPLE PROCESS.

The Art of Preparing the Skins of Animals for Use.

It is often desirable to use the skins of various animals, but few unprofessional people know how to taw them and yet keep the fur on and have it soft and firm. The process is not at all difficult, and may be successfully handled by any person of ordinary intelligence. By carefully heeding the following directions one may have furs as soft and pliable as those that come from the furriers. "Supposing the skins are dry, they should be softened throughout by soaking in pure water, soft water is best, but any ordinary pure water may be used, and care must be taken that the skins are thus soaked only a sufficient time to soften them. Then clean off any bits of flesh that may remain on the flesh side, rinse all well, shake off the loose water, and gently stretch out and tack on a board, flesh side up. Then sprinkle with a mixture of powdered alum and salt—about two-thirds alum and one-third salt—enough to just cover every part. As the skin dries, it takes up the mixture, but if any be left on the surface the second day, sprinkle on a little more water, otherwise put on more alum and salt, and sprinkle. Two or three days should be sufficient for small skins, the idea being to give the skin all the alum and salt it will take up while in a moist condition. This tawing process makes the hair firm, a gentle rubbing and beating softens the flesh side, and is preserved from decay, although tawed skins are never calculated to stand much wetting. This process is well adapted for all small skins, although those which are heavier require more time, and the flesh sides are sometimes folded together, and the skins rolled up. When the skins are freshly taken off, no smoking is needed, but more care is called for in thoroughly washing off and cleaning them, and the first application of salt and alum should be in the proportions of one-half each. It requires the judgment of a tanner to deal with skins in a dry state, which may have become partly damaged before drying, and it requires special knowledge also to tell whether a dry skin is so damaged." There are many animals that might be raised for their skins.—N. Y. Ledger.

Solicitude Reciprocated.

A Somerset attorney who relishes a joke at his own expense says he once sent to a rural office a writ for service, with directions to be very particular in regard to the return, saying: "If for any reason you are unable to write the return properly get some experienced person to do it for you." Some time afterward the writ was returned by the officer, properly served and signed, with a letter reading substantially as follows: "I do not know whether this return will be satisfactory to you. I have lost one finger, but I wrote it as well as I could. If for any reason you are unable to read it, get some intelligent person to read it for you."—Daily Eastern Argus.

She Keeps Him Busy.

A man is no busier in making money than his wife is in spending it. A certain Atchison man may be seen on the streets any day rushing around trying to make money, and not far away you may usually see his wife rushing around trying to spend it.—Atchison Globe.

In the

Selection of a spring medicine bear in mind the fact that what you need is a good blood purifier, and the best, in medicine, should always be your aim. The great cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it known as the One True Blood Purifier. It is therefore the best medicine for you to take in the

Spring

That you need a good spring medicine is almost certain. Ninety per cent. of all the people need to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify their blood at this season. The warmer weather finds them greatly debilitated, and it is well known that disease is most likely to attack those who are "all run down." If you

Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla now, it will purify and enrich you, blood, give you a good appetite, prevent and cure that tired, languid feeling, which is so prevalent in the Spring, and in this way it will build you up and prevent sickness later in the year. Remember

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

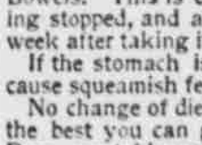
Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.



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Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 30 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box R.**

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, all styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue.

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No business pays as well on amount invested as **DRILLING WELLS** with our modern machinery. "IT SUCCEEDS—THAT'S THE REASON!"

LOOMIS & NYMAN, : TIFFIN, OHIO

EASTER SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Recounts the Story of the Prodigal Son.

He Longed for the Dear Old Faces at Home—Then Rose Up and Went to His Father, Who Warmly Welcomed His Boy.

Dr. Talmage's text Easter Sunday was Luke xv., 18: "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carob. Once in a while the people, reduced to destitution, would eat these carobs, but generally the carobs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day, amid the swine troughs, he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in, feeding swine; I'll go home; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father." I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the blood hounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries and emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father." In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic."

As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day I would that, instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man and say, "I will arise and go to my father." The resolution of this text was formed in a disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping an account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money. If he had been able to say: "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I'm going back to apologize to the old man? Why, he would put me on the limits. He would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in. I won't go home. I have plenty of money—plenty of pleasant surroundings. Why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home. Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century and talk of something more exhilerating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician, after awhile you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor," But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on all that medicine; bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and want help." If I come to you, and you feel all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh! then you say, "Bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament bring me Jesus Christ." "But," says some one in the audience, "how do you know that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good—no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for all that had sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "There is one name given under Heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well; I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, a tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father." "Oh," says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh," says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? What is that horseman running with quick dispatch? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindle with new fire;
> The sinner lost is found, they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think about it. You can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand toward the mountains, he said: "There shall be no Alps!" That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains. I hear Him say: "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again: I notice that this resolution of the young man of my text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child ungrateful.

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals?

Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! Three times a day has He fed thee. He has poured sunlight into thy day and at night kindles up all the street lamps of Heaven. With what varieties of apparel He hath clothed thee for the seasons. Whose eye watcheth thee? Whose hand defends thee? Whose heart sympathizes with thee? Who gave you your children? Who is guarding your loved ones departed? Such a Father! So loving, so kind. If He had been a stranger; if He had forsaken us; if He had flagellated us; if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of Him; but He is a Father, so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized! If we say anything that hurts our friend's feelings, if we do anything that hurts the feelings of those in whom we are interested, how quickly we apolize! We can scarcely wait until we get pen and paper to write a letter of apology. How easy it is for any one who is intelligent, right-hearted, to write an apology, or make an apology! We apologize for wrong done to our fellows, but some of us, perhaps, have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he has been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Now, perhaps father may not be living." We read nothing in this story—this parable—founded on every-day life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or, perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her, but he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man, after having been off a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger come to the door. He finds out father is gone, and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for Heaven? A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home. Don't go away. We don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far our on the sea, and a storm came up and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence the voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and darkness he said: "Oh, Lord! what a wretch I have been! What a wretch I am! Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition, of a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon her soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe; went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap, and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken, at the loss of her child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the mourning arrived. He knocked at the door, the father was overjoyed and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? Will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution. The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in 999 times out of 1,000 is that our resolutions amount to nothing, because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service this day to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all.

The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who had the typhoid fever, he said: "Oh, if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever should depart; if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1896, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian." The year 1896 has come. January, February, March, April—a fourth of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "Oh," says some man, "I'll attend to that when I get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink;" or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanliness," or says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call." Oh, but you say, "I agree with you in all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at Easthampton, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are 19 graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at Easthampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost. Their bodies afterward washed upon the beach. Oh! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit, and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be almost saved is to be lost.

I will tell you of two prodigals—the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Richmond, Va., there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him after, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down to open the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. "Out of this house! Away with these children. I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!" The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, the young man who had staid at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way? The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said: "John, there is one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his fingers across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I will stop it before night. Oh, my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

CANADA has a forest in the Labrador and Hudson bay district which extends at least 1,000 to 1,700 miles.

FRIGHT at the upsetting of a lamp by a pet dog resulted in the sudden death of Jas. Price, of Pottsville, Pa.

IT is estimated that of the 90,000 paupers of London, two thirds are able-bodied and capable of working.

BOSTON is grammatically horrified over the Allison button, which reads: "I'm for Allison; who are you for?"

THE woolen factories of this country are mostly located in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

THE making of cod liver oil is an important industry at Christiania. The quantity exported last year was 70,000 barrels.

A BOSTON paper says that there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than there is in all the sword and gun factories of the world.

A cow owned by a Middletown (Ct.) man gave birth the other night to three calves. The calves are strong and healthy and will probably live.

THERE is great activity in railroad car building this year. So far 12,500 cars have been built, and most of the builders have large orders on hand.

REV. PETER HAVERMANS, of Troy, N. Y., who celebrated his 90th birthday anniversary recently, is said to be the oldest Roman Catholic priest in America.

A GREAT many ugly little idols worshiped in different parts of the world are not of native manufacture at all, but are made cheap in Birmingham, Eng.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, the new president of the Royal academy of London, never paints a portrait for less than $15,000. Moreover, he has so many clients that he can make his own choice of subjects.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the California Midwinter exposition is en route for New York. Many of the most attractive features are being transplanted bodily from the Golden Gate to the immense floor of the Madison Square garden. This second edition of the great exposition will open early in May and will continue throughout the entire month. The principal endeavor of the exposition authorities will be to impress New York with the magnitude and quality of California's vintage. A gigantic cascade of claret wine is to dash and foam over rocks of colored glass at the rate of 5,000 gallons a minute for the edification of visitors.

AFRICA'S WHITE RACE.

A Fierce Tribe in the Interior of Whom Little Is Known.

There have always been vague traditions of a white race locked up in the interior, but, when the tales have come to be tested, the white race generally turns out to be merely a tribe of lighter-colored Arabs, keeping all the characteristics of the race and having none of the white man's. But in this race we have something much more correct and precise. Capt. Larymore, at present A. D. C. to Sir Francis Scott, was sent up to Koranza on a mission and stayed a considerable time in the capital. He took advantage of the opportunity to inquire about this comparatively unknown race and its neighbors, and was surprised to find that there was an accepted tradition that there lived an indefinite number of days' marches to the northeast a tribe of white men. Further inquiries elicited the statement that they lived on the skirts of a desert, which was difficult and dangerous to cross. Attempts had been made to avoid this desert by passing through their country, but they were found to be so fierce and so absolutely devoid of fear that the caravans preferred the dangers of the desert to the hostility of the white tribe. Such circumstantial statements induced Capt. Larymore to make stricter inquiries, and at length he found a Mohammedan priest and hadji, a man of great integrity and considerable influence. He had been to Mecca, and it was on his way there and back that he actually saw with his own eyes one of this white tribe.

The man in question was armed only with a bow and arrow, but such is the reputation of fierceness possessed by the race that the caravan did not remain long in his vicinity, but left the place as quickly as possible. Al Hadji saw him distinctly, Capt. Larymore, who, by the way, is a type of the fair Saxon, interrupted the priest in his story and said that the man must have been simply a light-colored Arab. "No," said Al Hadji, "I saw him close at hand, and he had light hair and blue eyes, exactly as you have." This statement and the confirmation it had received by many rumors and tales was one of extreme importance, considering the strict integrity of the man who made it. Consequently, Capt. Larymore took down his testimony in writing. The existence of such a race is firmly believed in by most of the gold coast travelers, and, among others, by Sir Francis Scott. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the reckoning of the progress of a caravan is done in the most careless way, the spot cannot be located exactly. Al Hadji says it is many days from Koranza, which might mean 100 or 1,000 miles.—London News.

THE ARMY OF CRIME.

Three Hundred Thousand Convicts in Our Prisons Last Year.

The page of the yearly history of the nation which is devoted to statistics of crime is always a depressing one to read. No doubt we are moving toward a higher and purer civilization, but the progress is slow and not always perceptible.

In the year 1894 there were reported as having taken place in the United States 9,800 murders. There were only 132 executions of murderers—a significant and surprising discrepancy; 190 lynchings, a small decrease from the preceding year, but still a larger number than that of legal executions; nearly 5,000 suicides; and embezzlements and defalcations to the enormous amount of $25,000,000.

With the exception of lynchings there was a noticeable increase in the number of crimes committed in 1894 as compared with former years. This is attributed, at least as regards peculation and suicide, to the fact that the year was one of great financial depression and consequent personal hardship and distress. Idleness and poverty on a large scale always mean increased temptation and law breaking.

It is said that in New York state alone there is a "well organized, well equipped and well officered" army of 80,000 criminals. The prisons of the United States hold over 300,000 convicts. To support them costs more than the country's annual yield of gold and silver.

Crime is costly—in money, lives and waste of possibilities. To prevent it by right education, moral and religious, and watchful care is even more necessary than to punish it.—Youth's Companion.

Fishes Need Plenty of Food and Water.

A. N. Cheney, the well-known fish culturist, says: "Some amateur fish raisers want me to put 100,000 fish into a stream where 15,000 would be crowded to suffocation or starvation." With plenty of water and lots of food fish thrive, as shown by: "A yearling brown trout fell into a rearing pond of trout fry. Nine months later, when 21 months old, the brown trout weighed 5½ pounds, where ordinarily it would have weighed a pound. The brown trout had lived high on its younger relatives." At another time some pickerel fry got into a pond with some thousands of black bass and carp fry. When five months old the largest pickerel weighed 2½ pounds and was 17½ inches long. The water tigers had thrived on the bass and carp. "Therefore, it takes plenty of the right kind of food in the right kind of water to make big, healthy fish; especially is this true of the game fishes—trout, bass, salmon, etc.—N. Y. Sun.

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FARMERS PROBLEMS.

A California subscriber to THE HERALD sends the annexed article, clipped from the Farm Journal, and requests us to republish the same:

A CORNER IN GOLD.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
SHAKESPEARE.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that there is a corner in gold, and that this corner has been made by Rothschild and his tribe in Europe, and their Wall street coadjutors in this country.

It is also evident that those people have been for many years working up this corner, and that the principal means taken to accomplish their purpose have been to induce the different nations of Europe, and the United States, to quit the use of silver as a money metal of ultimate redemption.

Their success has been remarkable, and they stand to-day where they are apparently able to dictate the financial policy of every country in Europe, and now hold the whip handle of the United States, with power to rule or ruin at will.

We will present some plain facts about this gold corner.

In May, 1894, the 3,711 national banks in this country held in gold $205,000,000; they held in January last but $168,000,000. In February, 1892, the Bank of England held in coin and bullion $107,333,400; on January 1, 1896, this had increased to $218,798,133—more than double. In April, 1892, the Bank of France held $236,886,600, which had increased to $379,640,532 on January 1, 1896. The accumulations in the Austro Hungarian bank increased from $26,634,400 in 1892, to $118,835,064 in January, 1896. Russia now holds $371,389,900 of gold; the Imperial-German bank, of coin and bullion, $218,719,976, and there has been an increase in most of the other countries of Europe. In March, 1892, the United States treasury held $125,815,040 of gold, and on January 1, 1896, but $49,847,997. Our national banks and the treasury had lost of gold from March 1, 1892, to January 1, 1896, the sum of $101,969,533, while the gain to the European banks has been altogether in five years $561,000,000. Can there be any doubt that the loss to this country of gold holdings forms part of the gains shown in Europe? Can it be doubted that the scramble for gold is under full headway and will continue and grow more fierce, year by year, until syndicates, governments and Shylocks shall possess it all, or that the people who have it not will be at the mercy of those who have it?

If any further evidence were needed to prove a corner in gold, it exists in the necessity of another national gold loan of $100,000,000 thirty-year four per cent. bonds, which is now in progress of distribution. Of this loan J. P. Morgan & Co., bankers, representing the American end of the European gold combine, were allotted $38,600,000, and of the remainder the greater part was taken by speculators, who bought to sell again. Several millions were taken by national and savings' banks and insurance companies to hold, and a very small amount by individual capitalists. As a popular loan it was a failure, for the reason stated last month, that the people do not possess the gold and did not wish to speculate.

Much ado is made of the fact that the loan was oversubscribed nearly six times, and this is given as proof that the country is flush with gold; but the truth is the bidders duplicated their bids, naming two prices in many cases, both bids going to swell the aggregate, though only one was accepted. The bonds were sold at 111, while similar bonds were selling in the market at 118, a fine margin of profit to the speculator, which he well knew. He never misses a chance like that. Of the $100,000,000 over $78,000,000 were taken by New York, about $7,000,000 by all New England, and $5,000,000 by Pennsylvania, leaving $10,000,000 for the remainder of the country (the center of population is now west of Cincinnati). A Boston young man, without any capital at all, sent in a bid for $1,500,000 and won, selling out to, or combining with, some banker or broker, at a profit of a hundred thousand dollars or more. As it was known that the gold could be drawn from the United States treasury as fast as it was put in, anyone, whether he owned a dollar of gold or not, was at liberty to bid, and stood a chance with the rest. Why this should be called a popular loan, and its success something for self-respecting Americans to be proud of, is more than we can see. For our part, we are ashamed of it.

This loan runs for thirty years and will cost the productive industries of this country—farm products paying 75 per cent. of it—principal and interest, $250,000,000, but why should this great nation ever borrow a dollar in a time of profound peace? What supreme folly to thus forge chains for the necks of our children and grandchildren!

If it did any good that would be something; but it will not, for the treasury will soon be squeezed again, and soon will probably be empty of gold, unless replenished by a new loan of $100,000,000, which will cost the productive industries of the country, principal and interest, another $250,000,000, of which farm products will pay 75 per cent.; the awful burden transmitted to posterity.

To us it looks as if this whole bad business was concocted by the gold speculators (not implying that the secretary of the treasury knew of their purposes), to bring to the surface in this country every little hoard of gold that exists, get it into the United States treasury, scoop it and carry it off to Europe; for this will probably be the result.

It has been a common thing in the United States to get up corners. Sometimes it is in beef, sometimes in wheat, in transportation, in fuel, in pork, in sugar, nearly always in some necessary of life, in which bold and crafty manipulators win millions of ill gotten gains at the expense of the public; but never, at least in modern times, has an attempt been made to corner the money of the people, to stop the flow of the very life-blood of the nations.

Yes, men and brethren, gold having now been made the unit of value, to measure your property of whatever kind you possess, the gamblers have cornered it, and have got you at their mercy. Isn't it about time for us all to examine into this matter and ascertain just how we stand in this business, and whether we have any standing at all? Isn't it time to do some of our own thinking? Isn't it time to wake up?

In the early part of the '70s—over twenty years ago—the process of cornering gold began in earnest in this country, and it has been going on at a quickening pace ever since. Those fellows never sleep, and they were never so wide awake as now. For over twenty years they have been contracting the currency, until from a per capita of $32 we have come down to $22, and the most of this is accumulated in the large cities at the bidding of trusts and stock speculators, leaving not more than $10 per head for the rest of the country, a sum entirely inadequate to do business with. As a sure result, prices of all kinds of property have continued to fall, year after year, until they are from thirty to fifty per cent. less than they were in 1873. The lands of the farmer and his staple crops have fallen one half or more, and today agriculture, the foundation industry, is suffering a depression greater than it ever experienced before. Merchants can make no money. Manufacturing is at a low ebb, the principal mining industry has been destroyed, capital is idle or engaged in speculation, laborers are out of work or poorly compensated, the country is oppressed with giant monopolies in life's necessities. All these misfortunes have been brought upon the country by the corner in gold, which is to be continued and made perpetual. Of all men the farmers are the greatest sufferers. Low prices, which from year to year continue to get lower, while taxes are always on the increase, paralyzes their efforts, destroys their ambition and brings many to financial ruin. Labor suffers almost equally with agriculture, for it is not steadily employed, wages tend downward, and there is no hope of the laborer rising in the world. Not a single industry, outside of the gold gamble itself, is benefited by the corner in gold. Not a single good reason exists why the American people should not proceed at once to smash the gold corner and restore prosperity to the country and happiness to a long-suffering people.

To cure sick-headaches is either possible or it is impossible. If it is impossible, forget it; if it is not impossible, try for it. First and foremost, try Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills (and Pellets). They are a new combination, but the greatest specific ever compounded for the complete cure of all forms of sick and bilious headache, disordered liver, sour stomach, etc. They are much better than any common liver pill. Together they cost but 25 cents at the drug store—sample dose free.

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